

# The Oxford County Citizen.

A. B. Herriek 221-20

VOLUME XXXIV—NUMBER 15

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1928.

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## BETHEL AND VICINITY

Chautauqua next week.  
Prof. F. E. Hanson was in town Monday.

William Blingham is at his home on Broad Street.

Henry Hastings was in Thomaston last Thursday.

P. C. Lapham went to Auburn on business Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Gehring arrived home Saturday.

Harry Mason is spending two weeks at his home here.

Mrs. Lucian Littlejohn spent the day Thursday in Lewiston.

T. I. Brown and family were at Sebago Lake Sunday.

Rev. W. B. Patterson is building a cottage at Songo Pond.

Parker Allen of Bryant Pond visited at Irving Carver's Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold King are spending a few days in Portland.

Sylvia Grover of West Bethel is working in Farwell & Wight's store.

Carrie Hastings of Washington, D. C., is the guest of relatives in town.

Charles Lyon was an over night guest at the Haggood Farm recently.

Alan Chesbro of Boothbay Harbor was a week end guest at F. L. Edwards.

Walter C. Allen spent the week end with relatives at Wollaston, Mass.

Mrs. Gertrude Haggood was the guest of Mrs. Harry Sawin one day last week.

Miss Marian Bean is spending two weeks in Boston, the guest of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Morrill left Tuesday for their home in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawin were Sunday guests of Miss Estella Bean in Albany.

Mr. J. C. Metcalf of Farmington is a guest of her brother, Ernest M. Walker.

Miss Virginia Burhoe of Truro, Mass., is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Lydia Swicker.

Harold Nutting of Lynn, Mass., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Mildred McPhee Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hutchinson have been spending a few days at camp at Locke's Mill.

Mrs. V. M. Perkins and two sons of Andover were guests of Mrs. Wallace Coolidge last Thursday.

Mrs. Hubert York and daughter, Priscilla, were recent guests of her mother, Mrs. Lydia Grover.

Albert Clark and family of Melrose were guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Clark several days recently.

Mrs. Spurgeon Luxton and Miss Marjorie Luxton of Rumford spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Frank Hunt.

Lucia Van Don Kerkhoven returned from Erol Sunday where she has been visiting Rev. and Mrs. Robert Jaldane.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall were in Madison Tuesday, called there by the illness of her sister, Mrs. Hall is remaining for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Packard and two daughters of Augusta are spending the week in town with Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Lovejoy.

Mrs. E. E. Morrill and daughter, Beatrice spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Merrill and family of Holister's Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Luxton and daughter, Barbara, were Sunday callers at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morrill's, at Mason.

Mrs. Franklin Cross and daughter, Barbara, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Bean, have returned to their home in Newark, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie York of Fitchburg, Mass., and John York of Brookton, N. Y., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunt last Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Sioano and two nieces of Lewiston, C. A. Rich and Miss Irish of St. Albans, Vt., called on Mr. and Mrs. George Haggood and family Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Tibbitts, daughter Margaret, and Mrs. W. H. Thurston motored to Jefferson, Me., Thursday, to see their daughter, who are summering at Camp Wawa.

The addition to Farwell & Wight's store has been completed and makes a very attractive dining room. The walls are done in cream with wainscoting in shades of brown. The draperies are in harmonizing colors. This makes ample accommodations for twenty people and it is much appreciated by both the local and traveling public. This business has been conducted for the past 20 years by Mrs. Addie Farwell and Mrs. Lena Wight and the ever increasing tourist trade has made necessary this enlargement.

## Arsenault—Coffin

A very pretty wedding took place Wednesday morning, July 25th, at St. Kieran's Church, Berlin, N. H., when Miss Pearl Coffin, daughter of Frank Coffin of Gilsum, and Philip Arsenault of Berlin, N. H., were united in marriage by Rev. E. D. Macleary.

The bride was beautifully gowned in a white crepe-de-chine dress, a white coat and a large white picture hat. She carried a shower bouquet of roses and carnations. They were attended by Miss Margaret Sheridan and Luman Osborne of Berlin.

A reception and breakfast followed the ceremony at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Sheridan, High Street, Berlin. Refreshments were in charge of Mrs. Madeline Sheridan and Eva Morse.

The brides cake was made by Mrs. Peter Sheridan, there was also an elaborate wedding cake. During the reception music was furnished by musicians among the guests. The house decorations were very attractive of garlands in bright hues arranged in baskets and vases at vantage points throughout the rooms. Table decorations were of cut flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Arsenault are enjoying a honeymoon at Portland, Old Orchard and other points in Maine and on their return they will reside for the summer with the bride's parents at Gilsum, Maine. There were many gifts from relatives and friends.

The groom is the son of Mrs. Frank Arsenault, a graduate of St. Regis Academy and is in the employ of the Brown Co. at the Cascade Mill. Their wide circle of friends extend hearty congratulations.

## CHICK CLUB MEETING

The Little Red Hen Club of Bethel held a meeting Saturday, July 29, at the home of Richard Stevens, Middle Intervale. All the members were present except one. John Anderson, the local chicken club leader, very generally conveyed the members.

The club decided that Bear Pond was an ideal location for the Oxford County Get-together to be held some time in August.

The members are as follows: Richard Stevens, Newton Stearns, Richard Davis, Guy Gibbs, Leroy Bennett, Jr., and Stanley Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster of Lowell, Mass., called on Mrs. Harry Sawin Saturday.

Gay Patterson and Miss Louise Power of South Paris, called on his parents one evening last week.

John Coolidge and Wallace Coolidge and family spent Sunday at Floyd Coolidge's, Northwest Bethel.

Miss Elizabeth K. Chapman of Portland has been spending a week with her cousin, Miss Mary G. Chapman.

Charles C. Kimball of Berlin, N. H., has purchased the Lyon place on Paradise Street and has moved here.

Miss Sally Chapman and friend, Alice Stallard, visited at her grandfather's, W. L. Chapman, the last of the week.

Mrs. Lindell Blanchard and two children, Converse and Mary, of Abington, Mass., are guests of Non and Mrs. A. E. Herriek.

Margaret Sherwood, who has been with Mrs. Addie Farwell and family for several weeks has returned to her home in Salem, Mass.

Eyes examined, glasses furnished by E. L. Greenleaf, Optometrist, over Rowe's Store, Saturdays only. Evening appointments may be made.

Mr. and Mrs. William Higgins, nee Margaret Vandenberg, of Littleton, N. H., have a daughter born July 29. She has been named Belle Margaret.

Friends and relatives have received the sad news of the passing of Mrs. Nellie Gribben of Portland. She was the daughter of the late Joseph and Rebecca Mason, and was born in West Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Garvey and Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Brown were at Gorham, N. H., Sunday, where Mr. Garvey and the doctor played at a game of golf at the Androscoggin Valley Country Club.

The case of Naimoy vs. Garney, in regard to a broken window in the Bakery in Mr. Naimoy's building, was settled in favor of Naimoy at the session of the law court held at Portland last month.

Mrs. H. H. Brown, daughter, Ruth, son, Albert and Mrs. G. Maliken attended the services at the old church in Mason Sunday afternoon. There was a large attendance. Rev. Mrs. Lisa spoke on the Power of God. Miss Sylvia Grover presided at the organ.

Miss Ruth Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brown, arrived home on her vacation Saturday night. Miss Brown has taught domestic science in Northampton, Mass., school the past year and is to return the coming year to the close of school, she has been attending summer school in Fitchburg, Mass.

## AUTO ACCIDENT

A Ford touring car driven by Floyd E. Kimball of Albany was in collision with a Chevrolet coupe driven by Everett McKee of Bethel at the foot of Mill Hill about eight o'clock last Monday evening.

The Kimball car was headed toward Albany and sidwiped the Chevrolet, breaking an axle, door, front and rear fenders and windshield. The Ford turned over one or more times and was badly damaged.

In Kimball's car were Floyd and Albert Kimball and Arthur Herriek of Norway, whom the Kimballs had just met at the 7:14 train. Mr. and Mrs. McKee were in their car. No serious injuries were reported.

## LOCAL TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS

The attitude taken by our local automobile drivers in disregarding traffic rules, notably the beacon at the junction of Church and Railroad streets and the new "Stop" signs has attracted attention for some time. Apparently they regard these signals as mere "red tape" and not as a public safety measure.

The practice of parking their cars on the left side of the street—at their convenience—is only another symptom of the same failing.

We supposed that this habit was only a local affair, but an editorial in The Livermore Falls Advertiser, part of which we quote below, shows that human beings act similarly in other places.

"The violator of traffic rules is, in a true sense, a law-breaker, and this offense is not being committed by amateur and reckless drivers alone, but in truth, by some of our most prominent village residents. Men held high in esteem and public regard are equally guilty of the crime. You would not murder your fellow-beings in cold blood, unless you are a lunatic, but yet you will endanger your own life and the lives of other automobilists for the careless risk of taking a chance and disregard of traffic safety regulations."

"You may get by with the first offense—yes, even the second, or third, or fourth—but sooner or later, you will be the victim of an accident, or you will come to the attention of authorities and THEN should be dealt with to the full extent of the law."

## Frederick C. Tribou

Capt. Frederick C. Tribou passed away at his home on Main St., South Paris, Tuesday morning, July 24, after several weeks illness.

He was the son of Silas Kinsley and Marcia (Moore) Tribou and was born at Bucksport Sept. 2, 1842. He went to sea when 17 years old and followed that life for many years. After retiring he came to South Paris, where he lived the past 36 years.

He is survived by his widow, and daughter, Miss Rena E. Tribou of So. Paris. He was a member of the Masonic lodge at Bucksport.

Funeral services were held at the home Friday afternoon conducted by Rev. O. E. Bryant. Interment was at Pine Grove Cemetery.

## Bethel 2—Rumford 1

In a good game of ball played at Rumford Wednesday afternoon, Bethel defeated Rumford All Stars by a score of two to one.

Special Town Meeting, Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Goodnow underwent an operation at McCarty's Hospital, Rumford, Thursday, and is at her aunt's, Mrs. W. A. Clough's, at present. Her many friends will be glad to know the operation was a success.

The Ladies' Club of the Congregational Church will offer an attractive display of aprons, hand embroidery, and other useful gifts at their Fair on Thursday, August 16. Home cooked food and candy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Den Kerkhoven were in Portland Monday to meet their daughter, Mrs. James MacFarlane, and husband of Boston, who will spend two weeks with Mrs. MacFarlane's parents.

The regular meeting of Bethel Lodge will be held Monday evening, Aug. 6. There will be a supper at 6:15 for Rebekahs and the families, 10 cents for members and 15 cents for non-members.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton Patterson accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Morton Clark and son, Ernest, of Hancock, attended the Hilltop Service at Hilltop Sunday morning. Rev. Hilda Ives, Henry Merrill of Portland and Portland pastor were the speakers. After the service they all enjoyed a picnic lunch on the hilltop.

Upon returning to his car after a short time spent in riding recently, Edward Chase of South Bethel found his Whippet sedan had been rifled of his absence. Evidently as it had been made to start the car, the switch had been taken apart. Finding in this they took the outfit of tools a jacket and the radiator cap.

## UNUSUAL LECTURE SERIES AT THE RADCLIFFE CHAUTAUQUA

Following its custom, the Radcliffe Chautauqua will present a unified lecture series during the three-day engagement which is scheduled to be held at Bethel on August 6, 7 and 8, but it will be unusual in respect to the scope and purpose of the topics.

The subject of "Riches" is one which is paramount, but there may be some ideas in connection with it that most of us have overlooked. During the three evening sessions, a part of the time will be taken up by eloquent speakers, who will discuss various angles of a great subject. The divisions are as follows:

First Night—"Riches We Inherit"

Second Night—"Riches We Acquire"

Third Night—"Riches We Bestow"

The afternoon lecture periods are also scheduled to bring three very fascinating addresses on subjects which may, at first, seem fanciful, but when you study them a minute you can see that they can suggest certain thoughts of a very instructive and beneficial nature. This is especially true in connection with the young folks, and we hope that arrangements can be made which will permit every boy and girl in our community to hear these discussions. The topics are as follows:

First Afternoon—"Ghosts and Fairies"

Second Afternoon—"The Royal Road"

Third Afternoon—"The House that Jack Built"

These lectures will be delivered by Dr. Elmer W. Serl, Dr. Daniel H. Macdonald, and Dr. Frank A. Dwyer, three of the Chautauqua's best known and interesting speakers. The local committee is anxious that every person shall take advantage of this splendid program which has been arranged for parents to put season tickets in the hands of their children. Adult season tickets are only two dollars each, and the junior tickets cost one dollar. In addition to the six lectures by these distinguished speakers there will be six additional entertainments, including the side-splitting comedy "Putting Pep in Papa."

## Perley A. Flanders

Perley A. Flanders of Stillington passed away Wednesday at a hospital in Waterville, where he underwent an operation Monday. Funeral services were held at his late home Friday.

## NORTH NEWRY

Ramona Morton spent Wednesday last week with Mrs. Roger Foster at Bethel.

There was a ball game, Tuesday of last week between the Upton boys and Newry boys, the score was 4 to 3 in favor of Newry.

Dr. Goodrich, the state health inspector was in town Wednesday of last week.

Miss Carrie Wight returned home from the hospital last week much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Vail and Mrs. Amy Bennett were visiting relatives in Bethel a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Brooks and son, Walter, of Meredith, N. H., spent the week end with his sister, Mrs. Herbert Morton.

Sunday visitors at Herbert Morton's were Mr. and Walter Reed and son Elmer, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lord and daughter, Alena, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Learned.

Mrs. Clauis Morton of Rumford is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. E. Wight. Josephine Thurston of Bethel spent Monday night with Doris Morton.

Mrs. Rena Foster was a guest at W. B. Wight's over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wight called on Will Walker and family last week.

The Church was nearly all Sunday morning to enjoy the Children's Day program.

There was a ball game Friday afternoon between the Erol and Newry boys at Newry. The score was 22 to 11 in Erol's favor.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanna went to Upton Sunday evening.

Donald Bean and family of South Paris were at their camp here over the week end.

Miss Catherine Hut has visited her parents at her home in Andover Sunday.

Harold Bennett of Bethel was in town Friday.

Frank and Cass Bennett went to Upton Friday, picked up fishing.

On account of rain the Circle supper was held at W. B. Wight's Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson will try again in two weeks to have the supper at their camp.

## NOTICE

I have been appointed Sealer of Weights and Measures in the towns of Bethel, Mason, Gilsum, Norway and Hancock, and all persons using weights, measures or balances for the purpose of selling goods are hereby notified to bring the same to me to be tested and sealed. WESLEY WHEELER. 15-17

## Oxford County United Parish

Including Albany North Lovell, Stoneham and the Waterfords. Pastoral Staff: Revs. W. I. Bull, E. F. Wentworth, A. C. Townsend; Mr. D. V. McLean.

Last Sunday all the morning services throughout the Parish were omitted in order that all might attend the out-of-door, hill-top service at Albany, conducted by Mr. Henry Merrill and his large class of men from St. Lawrence Church, Portland. This is the fourth summer that Mr. Merrill and his men have held such a service at Albany and it has increased in interest each year. Last Sunday was an ideal day for such a meeting, and a large number from all the towns of the Parish and some from outside, gathered on the hill-top to sing the old gospel songs, and to listen to the inspiring message from a consecrated layman and his class of men.

At the close of the service, coffee and ice cream were served, and many stayed and ate their picnic lunches together.

In the evening at Waterford, a sunset service was held in the open air on the slopes of Mt. Trem.

The next event of general interest is the coming of the Radcliffe Chautauqua to Waterford. This will be on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 3, 4 and 6. As the tent will be in place over Sunday, the morning church service for Waterford and South Waterford will be held in it, and a special offering will be taken for the fund for rebuilding the burned Waterford church. In the evening will be held the usual song service in the tent, led by Dr. Ellison Hillyer.

On Saturday evening, before the Chautauqua program, the Ladies' Circle of Waterford will serve supper in the Masonic Hall.

The second three-weeks session of the Daily Vacation School is now being held in East Stoneham, with a good attendance from the northern part of the Parish.

It is expected that Rev. W. I. Bull, who has been taking his vacation, will have returned to be on duty next Sunday.

The moving pictures to be shown next week throughout the Parish is "Old Iron Sides."

## WEST SUMMER

Miss Velma Bonney was home from Auburn over the week end. She is employed in the National Shoe and Leather Bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Bessey of Rumford were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Pulsifer.

Mrs. James Boyle has been having bronchitis. Her sister, Mrs. F. A. McAlister, of Livermore Falls has been staying with her for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. David E. Adams are visiting relatives in Concord, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Glover have been spending the past week with their daughter, Mrs. Stella Beck, in Bucksport.

Mrs. Luella Beckler was called to Hartford to attend the funeral of her brother, Walter W. Farrar, who was buried Saturday.

Miss Mary Farrar is visiting her nephew, Harold Turner, and wife.

Mrs. Martha Tuell of Melrose Highlands is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. T. Heath.

H. T. Heath returned from Balltown, Me., Thursday. He accompanied his sister, Mrs. Eva Lunt, of Bucksport, who was called there by the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. Bertha Ulrich.

Mr. and Mrs. Elden Garvey, Cephus and Mrs. Lena Andrews motored to Bath and Small Point Sunday.

E. G. Doble of West Paris is boarding at Henry Billings for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Newell and two children and Mr. and Mrs. John Hall of Saco spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newell.

Mrs. Flora Pulsifer will spend the week with her niece, Mrs. Stella Robinson at East Sumner and attend Chautauqua.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pierce from North-west Norway, and Ruth Morse, which with their own family made a group of sixteen which sat down to dinner.

Mrs. Stella Herriek and two daughters, Thelma and Phyllis, from Portland were Sunday afternoon guests at C. J. Morse's. They came with friends from Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Cummings and two children Arthur and Helen of West Paris and Mrs. Flora Cummings of Oxford were callers at E. T. Jenkins' Monday evening.

Mrs. Alice Watson of Norway Center has recently purchased a new silver in Chevrolet.

Gay Ingalls is home doing his haying. Elmer Hasey, who was obliged to give up his summer school at Columbia University, N. Y., on account of severe trouble with rheumatism, is gaining slowly.

Miss Phyllis Herriek of Portland is spending a few weeks at C. D. Morse's.

## WEST BETHEL

Jessie Brooks is spending the week with relatives at Milan, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Anderson of Norway were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Westleigh Sunday.

Mrs. Alice Mason and son, Myron, of Melrose were guests at Mrs. Emma Mills' a few days last week.

Mrs. and Mrs. Currier of Portland were at Goodridge Cottage over the week end.

Mrs. G. D. Morrill was in South Paris over the week end to visit her daughter, Mrs. Cleve Bell.

Herman Morse and Ralph Alger were in Boston Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Herman Morse spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Rolfe, at Albany.

Sylvia Grover is assisting in Farwell & Wight's store at Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Marie Burgess of Rumford Center were guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Head last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bennett and daughter, Margaret, were in Concord, N. H., Monday.

Rev. Roger Cleveland left Friday for a few days visit in Ashburnham, Mass. Herman Potter of Portland supplied.

R. M. Kaeleland was a business visitor in Farmington recently.

"The Club" met with Mrs. Carroll Abbott Saturday.

Mrs. George Auger was called to Yarmouthville Thursday by the serious illness of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. John Higgins of Salem, Mass., spent the week at Mrs. Alice Ordway's. Miss Margaret Carter, who has been spending the week returned with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Browne and Theresa Finnegan of Auburn spent Sunday with Mrs. Browne's father, Mr. Scribner.

Marilyn Bell of South Paris has been visiting for a few days at W. C. Bennett's.

Mrs. Archie Mann spent several days at Grover Hill last week, the guest of Miss Gwendolyn Stearns.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Head spent Sunday in Andover, the guests of her parents.

Guests at Goodridge Cottage Sunday were Lewis Pennell and family, Ruth Burrell of Cumberland Mills, S. S. Bennett and Abbie Noyes of Gorham, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rolfe and family spent Sunday in East Waterford. Mrs. Frank Landers and little son are visiting in Kingfield.

A large number attended the meeting at the Mason Church Sunday and heard Rev. Hilda Ives, assistant pastor of the Williston Congregational Church of Portland.

Mrs. E. B. Whitman was in Rumford Monday.

Herbert Mason was called to Portland Tuesday by the death of his sister, Mrs. Nellie Gribben.

## BRYANT POND

Miss Thara Brown of Bridgton was a recent visitor of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Billings and family.

Miss Ruby Willard is visiting her grandparents at South Byegate, Vt. The Radcliffe Chautauqua will be in town this week, August 2, 3 and 4.

Mrs. Addie Noyes has returned from a week's visit with her son, Albert Noyes, at Wilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrews and family spent the week end at their camp in Albany.

Miss Lydia Cummings is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Billings.

The spool mill which has been shut down for the past year will start again Wednesday. The factory will now be known as the N. S. Stowell Spool Mill.

## NORTH NORWAY

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Jenkins and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Heath and son, Cecil, were in Albany Sunday to attend the services on the hill-top near Abel Awa, conducted by Henry Merrill and his class of men from Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Morse had for dinner guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Fred Swan and two children, Arline and Carl, from the village, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lescott and son, Albert, and Miss Ava Lord of South Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pierce from North-west Norway, and Ruth Morse, which with their own family made a group of sixteen which sat down to dinner.

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**GEORGE M. COHAN**  
who is making a flying trip from New York to  
LAKELAND to see this play

**DANCE WEDNESDAYS & FRIDAYS**  
**LAKELAND COUNTRY CLUB**  
"TED" KAHN and HIS BOYS



## PICKING THE BRIDE'S BOUQUET

(By D. J. Walsh.)

HUNT and HUNT often congratulated themselves on their Miss Andrews. Where could they have found a secretary so alert, so modern, so everything that was efficient? Luck—that was all. And the luck stayed with them. Other firms might envy the treasure, with her knowledge of deeds, transfers, business ratings, all at her finger tips. But findings as to bettering herself never seemed to penetrate Miss Andrews' pretty ears—ears just peeping from modest bunches of curls.

And work! Not above tapping out her own letters, where others in her position apparently forgot all they had known of the science of word-mechanics.

And as for handling prospects! "Miss magic she does it," James Hunt would murmur in admiration as she landed some millionaire with a high-priced showy place, and had the decorators presenting their plans to the new owner before one could say Jack Robinson—supposing one mentioned such a low person in the office of Hunt & Hunt.

"I wonder if Miss Andrews was ever a girl—dapper—now, like my nieces and these other youngsters all so boyish in looks that they puzzle me. Miss Andrews is smart-looking, of course, but—well—she never had a romance, I'll swear."

Which was unkind, for all the elements of a first-class thriller were tangled up in what she called to herself the "dear past."

Romance? Miss Hunt was steeped in it. But when one pays the best tailor in town fancy prices to keep one looking businesslike, and when dark hair, a bit curly as it is, minds its mistress and stays put all day long, it must be admitted that there is little color of a romantic hue in the appearance.

Even in her own little apartment—as neat and trim as Miss Andrews—there wasn't even an incense burner to dispense that weird odor which fiction lovers imagine transports the whole room to far-off enchanted lands.

No, Miss Andrews was more apt to scent her apartment with good coffee—a cup of which she enjoyed over her open fire of an evening.

But when the real story began to happen it was June and a hot June, and the coffee had been foregone for a week or more. Miss Andrews was restless and wished she could take her vacation a bit early.

"Can I be getting old? That surely wasn't a white hair there!"

"I wish—I wish—dear me—what do I wish?"

"I'd like to have a house with a yard. Not a lawn, but an old-fashioned yard like we had at home in Kingston. This apartment is so stuffy. And hardwood floors and rugs hurt my feet."

"Let me see—how much have I in bonds now?"

"No—not enough. And I couldn't come in to the office if I lived as far as Kingston."

"Well, I may as well forget it. Forgetting made her cross, perhaps, for she shoved Felix Shoe-Polish rudely away when he came purring after a romp with his catnip mouse.

"Go away! You ought to be out in the grass, chasing field mice, with catnip leaves in your ears. Felix! I wonder why women must work alone so long for a little bit of living money? James Hunt has had enough to retire on this five years—and I've helped him make it, but I get only a 'raise' once a year and a bonus at New Year."

"I wish—"

What Miss Andrews wished was forgotten the next day when Mr. Hunt the elder told her he wanted her to take a look at some Kingston property. Leave right away—see what kind of shape it was in. A loan on it—see if it was worth another. Set a price, and everything. She knew what to do. And here was the location.

Miss Andrews gasped. She hadn't known who had bought that place.

How many years it had been since she had seen it! Just down the road from her old home. What roses had grown there—old-fashioned hundred-leaved ones. Pale and pink and with a delicate perfume which had forever spoiled Miss Andrews for heavy, heady scents.

When she arrived at Kingston and found her way to the cottage the roses were still there. Though the field of clover just over the fence had been planted in prairie corn. The roses, too, had been rudely trimmed and tied up as if some one paid to do it had buried about the task.

The cottage was in good enough repair, though. The furniture, shrouded in covers, stood about in the same places. Over there by the window Sam's mother used to keep a great mound of ferns. Sam's mother. So there had been a Sam in Miss Andrews' life?

With a sigh of weariness and something else Miss Andrews sank down on the sofa by the fireplace.

"I should have taken a taxi at the station. The walk is surely longer than it was—let me see—how many years it is since we would stop here on our way from school and Sam's mother always had lemonade and cookies!"

"It couldn't be that there's such a thing as ghosts—there's a step in the kitchen as surely as I am Pauline Andrews!"

Miss Andrews was no coward. She walked steadily to the kitchen door and asked, "Who's there?" in a voice that trembled only a little.

Something, then, made her waver and clutch at the door when she saw a real, flesh-and-blood man standing by the sink.

"I can't seem to find any scissors, Pauline, to trim these rose stems. Fold them carefully and they will not stick your fingers. Mother always knew how to take the sting out of roses—she said."

Miss Andrews turned pale, then pink, then pale again.

"It's not you, is it, Sam? Sam McCully who lived here when we went to school the other side of Kingston and whose mother always asked us in to rest on the way home evenings? Why—I heard you had gone off somewhere. You never seemed to care about the old crowd after we graduated. And I went to the city to work and the girls have all married and gone."

"I didn't know the name of the owner—Larrimore—when I came up to see the house today for my real estate firm."

"Haven't you been in Kingston either—or didn't you know the house is for sale?"

No, Sam hadn't been in Kingston and as for the house, that had gone to pay the debts after his mother died.

"You didn't know, but mother was slowly dying, even in the days she was so jolly and good to us all."

"I had to look after her—I couldn't leave her for college or business, and when you—and all the rest left, it was pretty lonely."

"I hadn't anything to offer you, Pauline—when at last I was alone, and free."

"I heard you were doing so well—such a wonderful salary. But now I've enough to buy this house back—this house where I've stolen the roses to give you from the old bush by the walk."

"I came to see the way things were left, though Cousin Larrimore, who bought it, would not disturb mother's home, I knew."

"And I saw you, Pauline, at the window upstairs. So I gathered the roses and slipped in through the pantry window—I've often done it when I stayed too late at a party—and you and I walked home too slowly."

"Then—seeing you here, I wished you'd stay, Pauline."

"I can buy the place and still have enough for a little business in Kingston. We can have enough—that's happiness."

"It won't be the city—and that wonderful office where you talk in millions every day—"

Pauline smiled happily. Then spoke practically.

"No, it will not be that old office, then, Heaven! Who wants an office when there's home—and a hundred-leaved rose right at the door?"

"We'll go right down to the city and fix up the deed, and then get James Hunt to play 'father' at the ceremony. Poor man! He's going to have a new secretary, and he will not like it."

"But you and I, Sam—we're going to be folks out of a story book. Here, give me the roses—you didn't know you were picking the bride's bouquet, did you?"

But Sam was a wise man. He answered in a better way than words.

## Japanese Baby Hurt by Falling Meteorite

The hitting of a human being by a meteorite is probably the rarest of all accidents, according to Dr. E. E. Frea. Yet that is what happened, says Pathfinder Magazine, to a three-year-old Japanese baby living near Sukatu, a village northeast of Tokyo. The incident was reported to Popular Astronomy by Issei Yamamoto of Kyoto university.

At the time of the occurrence the child happened to be playing out of doors alone. Hearing a sudden cry the mother rushed out to find the infant scalded across the neck as if by a hot iron. Further search disclosed a small stone in a fold of the child's dress. It was still slightly warm, which evidently had caused the burn on the neck. Transmitted to Yamamoto and examined by the scientists of Kyoto university this stone proved to be a typical meteorite, covered with the usual black crust caused by melting during its flight through the air.

The stone is only about one-fourth of an inch in length and weighs only a few grains, making it probably the smallest meteorite ever recorded. In spite of the millions of meteorites that hit the earth's atmosphere each day and burn up to make shooting stars, only a few reach the ground. In only one previous historic instance is one known to have hit a human being. That occurred in 1827 when a native of India was killed by a meteorite.

**Water and Cholera**

Hamburg and Altona are cities that have merged into each other, like New York and Brooklyn. They still have, however, separate water supplies, both coming from the River Elbe. Altona filtered its water and Hamburg did not. A map showing where cholera cases appeared followed irregularly the line of demarcation between the part of the city that got filtered water and that which did not. It was regarded as definitely proven that filtering the Altona water made it safe from cholera carrying.

**Gigantic Book**

One of the books in the British Museum said to be the largest book in the world is so tall that a man can walk behind it without being seen.

## Found White Customs Hard to Understand

A naked South sea cannibal once told Jack McLaren, the globe trotter, that he could not understand why whites dressed in the daytime and undressed at night.

"In the night, when it is cold, we people put our clothes on," he said in effect; "and in the daytime, when it is hot, we take them off!"

In a remote Solomon island village a man asked McLaren was it true, as he had heard, that in white men's countries the people quarreled and stole so much that strong men called policemen continually walked the streets to keep the peace. In his village, he said, there was little quarreling, except with other villages or with intruders, and hardly any stealing at all. He said he had thought that white men would have known better than to behave like that.

Another savage thought it strange that whites rejoiced and made holiday only at specified times, such as Christmas and Easter. His people, he said, jubilated just whenever they felt like it, which, incidentally, was very often indeed. He thought that our capacity for enjoyment must be extremely limited, in that we had to have special times and arrangements for it.

**Degrees of Kinship Easy to Determine**

Reckoning cousin relationships is simple if you start out right. A cousin is one collaterally related by descent from a common ancestor, but not a brother or sister. Children of brothers and sisters are first cousins to one another; sometimes they are called cousins-german, own cousins, or full cousins. The children of first cousins are "second cousins" to one another; children of second cousins are third cousins to one another, and so on. The child of one's first cousin is a first cousin once removed, and so on. Confusion sometimes arises from the custom of some people who speak of the children and grandchildren of their first cousins as second and third cousins, respectively, but the practice is only local. The correct and almost universal rule for reckoning cousins is as we have given it.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Worth It**

'Twas off the coast of dear old Ireland, and the kinship was a trifle out of its course. It had, in fact, taken the wrong turning.

"Breakers ahead! We are lost," yelled the lookout from his point of vantage in the bows.

"Begorra!" cried the Irish cook, "we're not lost if that will save us."

And seizing a belaying pin, he hit the lookout man such a blow as to completely floor the man.

"How dare you?" bellowed the captain angrily. "Why did you strike that man?"

"Well," replied Pat, "he yelled, 'Break us a head, or we are lost' and, sure I did it, sir. And I'll break a dozen more, sir, if that'll save the ship."—Weekly Scotsman.

**Cat's Meow**

The cat who loves cod liver oil is being put upon. Its sure is more fond of cod liver oil than liver or raw hamburger steak, or salmon, or kidneys, or cat food—and the family know it.

Recently he decided to go out for the evening. The youngster did not wish to have him go, but he slid out on the steps looking around for worlds to conquer. No calling for "Kitty, kitty," would budge him an inch.

Then the small youngster ran and got the cod liver oil bottle. She held it out to him as bait. He gave one sniff in the air and then came to the bottle as true as a needle to a magnet. The child walked into the house with the bottle, the cat following—and she had him.—Springfield Union.

**Acquire Charming Personality**

The prizes of life come to those who surround themselves with an aura of geniality. You then make friends easily; and success in every sphere in life is assured you in advance if you are guided by reasonable intelligence. Therefore, make every possible effort to acquire and maintain a charming personality. Try to avoid repression. Try to be your honest-to-goodness self—just as you are. Lay aside all subterfuge; cultivate a kindly feeling toward your fellow man; and try to express it as best you can.—True Story Magazine.

**Fancy of Women**

Little Patsy is a daughter of considerable imagination and goes for one of five years and always has an unusual slant on subjects which her elders ponder.

After being a theater with her mother recently, she sat enthralled through an organ recital of unusual poignancy. "It was ended, she turned to her mother with a wistful smile and said, "Mother, I would like to have a dress like that music."

**Business Picking Up**

A junior partner in a law firm came bolters into the office one morning. "Bill, I think business is going to be better," he said.

"What makes you think so?" asked the senior-to-optimize Bill.

"The young married couple next door woke me up quarrelling; they'll probably be seeking a divorce," replied the youthful lawyer.



SNOW FALLS INN

## Snow Falls, West Paris, Past and Present

Nestled in a narrow valley where river, railroad, and state highway converge to past in close proximity through the rock debris which causes the water to fall abruptly through a series of beautiful cascades, is found the Snow Falls Inn, in a setting of rare beauty and in a calm and quiet atmosphere offering rest alike to the hand and eye, weary from guiding the wheel, or the fagged brain of city office worker. The Maine State Highway from Portland through Poland Springs to the White Mountains passes the door, and the concrete section of the road has been completed to a point two miles north of the Inn. This offers the best route for tourists traveling to the north, then White Mountains or the southern Rangeley Lake region, and the Inn gladly welcomes all who stop for dinner, a night's rest, or longer sojourn.

But not always has this been the scene of rest and repose, for through this valley in days long past has rung the war whoop of Indians. Early in the year 1755 a small party of Indians, proceeding northward with two prisoners captured in New Gloucester, came to the Falls, now known as Snow Falls. Observing the smoke of a campfire on the higher land they diverged to one side and attacked the two captives, Snow and Butterfield. Snow, from long experience with the Indians, had determined never to yield as a captive and resisting to the last he shot dead the advancing Indian chief. He was at once backed to pieces by the infuriated followers of the dead leader and his body left in an unrecognizable condition where he fell. Taking Butterfield with their earlier captives and bearing their dead chief's body, the Indians resumed their northward march until they reached the confluence of two streams a mile above the Falls, in a meadow of soft and easily penetrated soil. Here the dead leader was solemnly interred while the hills fairly echoed the wail and plaintive cries of the Indian ceremony of burial.

Several days later a party from the lower settlements, having learned the story, arrived at the scene of the fight and finding the mutilated body of

Jonathan Snow, gave it a Christian burial. In commemoration of the sturdy pioneer who did so much to open this beautiful part of Maine to the knowledge and settlement of the white men, all the while with the determination to die if necessary in the prosecution of his duty, the wild and beautiful cascades falling a full forty feet have since been known as Snow Falls. The Snow Falls Inn dates from 1849. Erected at a time when labor was cheap, economy was found in the use of heavy hewn timbers which gave a solidity to the structure which has endured to this day. Corresponding liberality in space provided large, airy, and well-lighted rooms, comfortable for night's repose and spacious for the day's exercise.

In 1927 the Inn was purchased by H. N. Bragdon of Bethel. It has been completely renovated and is one of the most comfortable and attractive wayside hostels in the State—a charming spot to make one's headquarters while traveling in this section. The Inn is open through the summer and into the late fall and is enjoying a generous patronage.



SNOW FALLS

## Comfort for Fat Man in Insurance Figures

An insurance company of New York announces from its accumulation of data and figures that fat men are more honest than their "lean and hungry" brothers. Which corroborates Shakespeare's opinion expressed long ago when he made his Caesar say: "Let me have men about me that are fat; the fat man is noted for his ready and hearty laugh, and that may explain, in a way, some of his honesty. It is hard to picture a good-natured, open-faced, jolly man as anything but fat and square and straight. Of course a man may smile and smile and be a villain, but that sort of mirth is a pinch-faced, half-strangled kind. A smile is often associated with wickedness, but a free, belly-shaking laugh betokens a guileless genius.

We are glad to hear a good word for the fat man. There has been much sympathy and "ragging" wasted on them—especially on fat boys. They have long suffered under the old heartless saying that "nobody loves a fat man." It is not the truth but the prevalence of the saying that has worked them injury—particularly with the opposite and wilful sex. All rules have exceptions. Let the heavy fellows remember that the saying nobody loves a fat man is no truer than the one that all fat men are honest.—Exchange.

**"Deadends" Would Set King Up in Business**

If it were customary or possible for the king of Great Britain and Ireland readily to exercise his royal prerogatives, he could, in the course of a few months, become the owner of many vehicles, especially motor cars, that traverse the streets and roads of the kingdom, since he is entitled to all deadends.

A deadend is an article which has proved the immediate and accidental occasion of the death of any reasonable creature." This right was for hundreds of years enforced as a means of swiftest royal exchequer and, legally speaking, could still be enforced.

If a man were killed, by being run over, the vehicle and its contents, as well as the horse, became the king's property. The number of "reasonable creatures" (and dogs might be included by some within this category) run over by motor in England would keep the king in automobiles until he would be obliged to construct many garages.

## His Luck

"As I drive to town this morning with eight or ten of my children on the hayrack behind me a wildcat hopped out of a tree-top and lit in the middle of 'em," at the crossroads store related Gap Johnson of Itumpus Ridge. The children gave a yell and jumped for the wildcat. The varmint gave a screech and leaped from the waggon. But Hunt and Rowdy had hold of his hind legs and he bumped Hunt's head up to the side of the waggon bed, and tumbled Rowdy, the baby, out and wallered him in the dirt. I claim that there wildcat was playing in great luck."—Kansas City Star.

**The Great Man**

What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally as arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for a whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

**Destroying Lawn Ants**

In the case of lawn ants where only a small area with few nests is concerned, drenching the nests with boiling water or injecting a small quantity of kerosene or coal oil will be effective, and similar treatment will apply to nests between or beneath paving stones. Another simple means of destroying such ants in lawns of small extent is to spray the lawns with kerosene emulsion or with a very strong soap wash, prepared by dissolving one common laundry soap in water at the rate of from half a pound to a pound of soap to the gallon of water.

**His Own Rules**

A golfer known for his shady character entered for a competition. He was partnered by a nervous and inexperienced player who had, of course, to mark the suspect's card.

At the end of the round the unscrupulous player handed in an excellent score. The secretary consulted his partner.

"I say... This score of Blank's. Is it all right? Did he play fair?"

"Oh, y-yes," came the halting reply, "quite fair. Of course he has certain rules of his own."

## Peasant's Retort Won French King's Praise

The subject of King Henri IV, "le bon roi Henri," he who said Paris was well worth a mass, is inexhaustible and the French always receive a book of anecdotes and biographical details on him with delight. From the latest volume Pierre Van Panssen, writing in the Atlantic Constitution, tells this incident. One day the king was passing through a village where he was obliged to halt for dinner. Before sitting down he asked the host of the tavern: "Invite me the man who passes for being the most spiteful in your commune." King Henri was told that it was a fellow named Gaillard. "Go and fetch him," ordered the king. The peasant soon arrived. Henri told him to sit opposite at the table and to share his meal of roast chicken with Gaillard. "What's your name?" asked the king. "Sire," replied the rustic, "my name is Gaillard." "What difference is there between a galliard (gallant, good-hearted fellow) and a galliard (scoundrel)?" "Sire," came back the peasant without a moment's hesitation, "there's only a wooden table between them." "Ventre Saint-gris!" roared the king. "That's a good one. I had never expected to find such a great spirit in such a small village."

**After Marriage**

"Your husband never seems to send you flowers any more."

"That's all right. He puts that money into life insurance."

**No Shackles, Please**

The most important thing is not to keep love, but to have it.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Disillusioned**

"Well, I don't think much of women," said nine-year-old Joe, coming home from school.

"Why, what's happened to you and Kathryn?" queried his mother.

"Well, she only got forty in arithmetic today. That's just too dumb!"

**How It Sounded**

A woman with a bad cold attended a dinner, and although she had a poor appetite she was pressed to have some food.

"Oh, do," said her host for the tenth time.

"I couldn't," she replied. "I couldn't possibly eat any more."

"They continued to press her to eat this and that, and at last she said: 'Oh, very well; if I must, I must.'"



# THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

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All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1928.

## EAST BETHEL

Agnes Kimball and family drove over to Lovell and called at the Brooks "Tourist Home" to see Mrs. Fred Allen, and also visited Brown's Camp recently.  
Mrs. Gail and Mary Lee Hattenger of Watnam, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Hastings.  
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hayford recently entertained her sister, Mrs. Wm. Mendy of Bangor, also Mrs. Marie McKenna of New York.  
Carl Swan and family were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Swan.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Trask recently entertained P. E. Mason and H. E. Dean of Medford, Mass., also Earl Cheney of Bangor, Mass.  
Mrs. Mary Bittken of Medford, Mass., who is camping at Locke's Mills, is this week's guest of her granddaughter, Mrs. R. L. Swan.  
Mrs. Clifton Bean of Bangor was a recent guest of her mother, Mrs. Carl Bartlett.  
Mrs. Greenwood was a recent guest at Roy Bartlett's.

## High Street, West Paris

John Philip and wife called at Mrs. Dan Hill's Sunday.  
Dan Hill and family were in Newry Sunday.  
Mrs. Dan Hill spent the afternoon, Saturday, with Mrs. Ed. Anderson of Norway.  
Edith Whitman has been cutting hay at South Paris.  
Aunt McKenna is working at South Paris.  
Mrs. Marshall has been having a great deal of trouble with his eyes the last month, but they are now much improved.

## SOUTH PARIS

Miss Miriam Wheeler of Auburn was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Forbes a few days last week.  
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Clifford and daughter of South Norwalk, Conn., are spending two weeks vacation with their parents here.  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Holden are enjoying a week's camping trip at Shagg Pond.  
Baby Bennett of Oilead has been spending a few days with Madlyn Bell.  
J. Harold Neal of the Mason Mfg. Co. has been in New York on a business trip.  
John Lord of Waterford was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. June Penfold, Thursday and Friday.  
Mrs. Florence Haskell underwent an operation for the removal of tonsils at Dr. Cobb's hospital in Auburn Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Grew and Misses Florence and Grace Knight of Wisconsin were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Anderson from Tuesday to Thursday afternoon. On Wednesday they all motored to Bethel to visit on friends.  
Dr. C. M. Merrill and family have moved to the Anna Swift farm on High Street owned by Walter Gray.  
Mrs. George Davis has been visiting her son, R. L. Newton of Shaw Ave., Rockland, Maine. Her granddaughter, Winona, accompanied her home.  
Mrs. O. D. Merrill from West Bethel spent the week end with her daughter, Mrs. Cleveland Bell. Mrs. Bell recently tore the ligaments from the ankle bone and sprained the ankle badly by falling in the shop of the Jefferson Hardware Co. at Norway.

## NORTHWEST BETHEL

A car driven by a man from Berlin coming up the ferry road ran into the corner of Helen Perkins' house damaging the house some, but the car was not damaged to any great extent.  
Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Coolidge and two children also John Coolidge spent Sunday with Floyd Coolidge and family.  
Miss Pauline Harlow from Harvard, Mass., visited with H. A. Skillings and family.  
Mrs. Floyd Coolidge and son, Elton, returned Thursday after spending two weeks with her aunt in Clinton, Me.  
Mr. and Mrs. Bassett Dickerman from Ayer, Mass., stopped a few days with H. A. Skillings and family on a trip through Maine.  
Miss Marion Skillings has completed her duties at Martin Bartlett's, Bangor, and is enjoying a vacation for a few weeks.

## EAST WATERFORD

Roland Littlefield has finished sawing pulp wood for George Gray and has started work for Arthur Tucker.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morgan were over night guests of her brother, Omar Moxcey, recently.  
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rolfe and family were callers at H. O. Rolfe's Sunday.  
Mrs. Will McKay and two children and her aunt, Mrs. Rachel Conner, are visiting her grandfather, Elbridge Holt, for a few days.  
Arthur Tucker will begin canning beans soon.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pinkham were callers at Bolster Mills Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holt were Sunday callers on his niece, Mrs. Will McKay.  
Warner Kendall was in town over the week end.  
Agnes Pinkham and friend spent the afternoon one day last week with her mother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pinkham.

## SUNDAY RIVER

The men from Bangor who were operating the dock where the wash out occurred have completed their work and returned home.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stanhope visited at R. L. Foster's Sunday.  
Robert Dean has purchased the Trask place.  
William Powers and Harry Williamson went to the Lake's fishing one day recently.  
Mr. Weeks is staying at Grafton with his daughter, Mrs. Floeie Lane.  
Arthur Wilson, who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. Sarah Kendall, has returned to his home in Cambridge.  
Mr. Glover has been chosen Superintendent in place of A. H. Tuck who is a position at Wytopituck, Maine.

## LAKEWOOD ITEMS

Theatrical notables now visiting Lakewood include Margaret Lawrence, stage and screen star; Florence Reed, star of "The Shanghai Gesture"; and her husband, Malcolm Williams; Morgan Wallace, actor and producer; Patterson McNitt, former sporting editor of the New York Morning World, co-author of "Pige" and producer of "The Poor Nut"; Mildred Coughlin, known stage and screen designer; David H. Wallace, associated with Arthur Hopkins, and co-author of "Bugs" which hit last year's Broadway; and "The Nightingale" at Lakewood has summered Norma Lee, the dramatic Broadway leading lady; Mary H. Summers, manager of the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York; Mrs. Priscilla Morrison, wife of the prominent stage director who staged "Andrew Takes a Wife" in which Grant Mitchell is starring this week; H. Van Housen, producing director for the Wallace theatre; Charles H. Hays, from the Shubert Theatre, prominent play producer; Wesley Winter, who has produced "The Nightingale"; and Mrs. Anderson Moyer, Frank H. Hays' sister, the manager of the New York Theatre.

John Watson, sister of the late Thomas Watson, who has starred in the management of John Gullon in "The Nightingale", "Pige", "Two Girls in a Room", and other successes, has arrived at Lakewood to join the Lake and Bangor. Miss Watson will appear in a play to be produced shortly.

The National Club of Maine will hold its annual ball at Lakewood on Wednesday, August 8th, with a program of "The Nightingale" at two o'clock, and "The Public" at four o'clock. The public will be admitted free.

W. H. Adams, author of "The Nightingale" and "The Public", who has starred in the management of John Gullon in "The Nightingale", "Pige", "Two Girls in a Room", and other successes, has arrived at Lakewood to join the Lake and Bangor. Miss Watson will appear in a play to be produced shortly.

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## GROVER HILL

Mrs. Fred Mundt and daughter, Bertha, recently visited Ernest Mundt at South Waterford.  
The services at Mason last Sunday conducted by Rev. Hilda Ives from Portland were well attended and much enjoyed by the people here.  
Winfield Rolfe is employed at M. E. Tyler's.  
Mrs. Eliza Spinney is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Kendall, at Sunday River Valley.  
Mrs. Jennie Bean Mann from Biddeford was a guest at N. A. Stearns' Thursday and Friday of last week.  
J. A. Mackenzie from Mason is staying at True Brown's. A. J. Peaslee is also working with them.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lyon, who have sold their home on Paradise Road will soon return to their farm here. This will be welcome news to their friends.  
N. A. Stearns and family recently enjoyed visiting the silver fox and duck farm at Sunday River.

## HANOVER

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Russell and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe are on a motor trip to Montreal and vicinity.  
Oxford Bear Lodge entertained guests from Norway Saturday evening. The third degree was conferred on one candidate. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and coffee were served.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saunders motored to Errol, N. H., Saturday evening, with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bennett of Bethel to attend the meeting of the Cumbag Grange. Several other granges were invited and a good time was reported.  
Mr. and Jack Pinkham and father, Dana Pinkham, and Miss Alice Carter, who have been spending their vacation in Mrs. Elba Dyke's house, left for their home in Bangor, Friday.  
Mrs. Rena Silver entertained relatives from South Paris one day last week.

## ALBANY

George Briggs was a recent caller at Preston Flint's.  
Wm. McAllister and sons are cutting the grass on Mrs. C. G. Becker's place.  
Miss Anna K. Cummings of Lewiston was calling on old friends in this vicinity last Saturday.  
Clarence Waterhouse and family are boarding with Mrs. Flora McAllister. Preston Flint went to Waterford Friday and called on his uncle, Dexter Flint, and B. J. Flint.  
Dr. W. B. Treadwell of Bethel was in town last week.  
W. H. Adams is cutting the grass on H. H. Saunders' farm.  
Mrs. Ada Bird and daughter, Sylvia and Madeline, called on Mrs. Emma and Mrs. Flint Monday afternoon.  
Mrs. Rose James and grandson, Lloyd, son of Portland are spending part of the summer at her farm.

## First National Stores Inc.

Where New England Boys Buy Food  
CORN, Can 14c  
OAKITE, 2 pkgs. 25c  
MUSTARD, Finest, Prepared, Jar 10c  
HARDINES, Norwegian, 3 cans 20c  
Dry Yeast Baking Powder, 12oz. can 21c  
TOILET PAPER, 6 rolls 25c  
Pompeian Olive Oil, Pt. can 51c  
SHREDDED WHEAT, 3 pkgs. 28c  
Sliced Pineapple, Lge. can 25c  
RABBIT'S CLEANSER, 2 pkgs. 5c  
SUGAR, 100 lbs. \$6.10  
FINEST FLOUR, Bag, \$1.05  
Pastry Flour, Bag, 95c  
Gold Medal and Pillsbury's Flour, Bag, \$1.10  
BACON, Lb. 31c  
LARD AT LOW PRICE  
N. H. Hall, Mgr.

Advertise  
—it in—  
this Paper

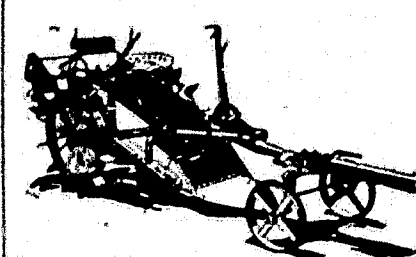
## Women's Savings Accounts

Each year we notice an increase in the number of women who have savings accounts here. Those who have learned from experience the many advantages of saving, have told their friends about it, and their friends come here with their savings.

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK  
BETHEL, MAINE

4%  
Interest

## The McCormick - Deering Digger



It increases the profits because it gets All The Potatoes, whole and unbruised—you get the highest price for your product.

C. L. Davis  
Bethel, Maine

'Good equipment makes a good farmer better'



## A Complete Clearance of All Dresses

This Mid-Summer Clearance presents a most unusual opportunity to buy needed dresses at a decided saving. Our entire stock has been price cut, so the assortment from which you may choose is large.

\$1.98 to \$7.98

EDW. P. LYON  
The Store of Many Gifts  
BETHEL, MAINE

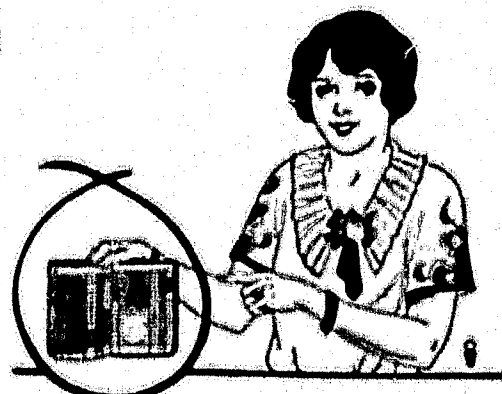
## Fred S. Brown

Dry Goods - Garments - Kitchenware  
NORWAY, MAINE

## ANNUAL GREEN TAG SALE

Now in Progress

This is our regular mid-summer clearance sale of all odd lots--all spring garments--any over-stock items--in fact, it's a general house cleaning sale for us and money saving sale for you.



Patronize the Home

## WEST PA

Mrs. May Swan had a Sunday at the old farm Pond. There were thirteen of whom were her twelve grandchildren. Dennis Swan, Louise, K. and Lela Swan, Clifton

## Life Insurance

is a necessity. man should hury buying in s while there is efficient Life Insurance

WALTER E. BA

Agent  
The Union Central Life Company

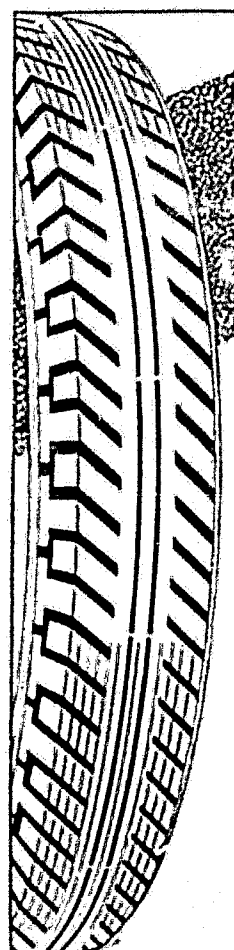
Bethel, Me

## Johnson's

To Re

It does the ing, kneel

J. P.



## THE

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### WEST PARIS

Mrs. May Swan had a family reunion Sunday at the old farm by Twitchell Pond. There were thirty-five present, seven of whom were her children and twelve grandchildren. Those who enjoyed the picnic were Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Swan, Louise, Keene, Raymond and Lela Swan, Clifton Swan and

### Life Insurance

is a necessity. A family man should hold luxury buying in suspense while there is not sufficient Life Insurance.

**WALTER E. BARTLETT**  
Agent  
The Union Central Life Insurance Company  
Bethel, Maine

### EAST STONEHAM

Several from this place attended the Open Air Service at Hunt's Corner Sunday morning conducted by Henry Merrill and his class of men from the St. Lawrence Church of Portland. It was a very impressive service and greatly enjoyed by all.

The Keewadin Club met Thursday night at the vestry.

The Church Vacation School opened with a very good attendance. Fifty-five children were enrolled.

Mrs. Flora Taylor of New York is visiting her brother, Frank Moody.

Charlie Stearns and family of Norway were at their home here over the week end.

Rigobald Payne of South Paris is visiting his cousins, Rodney and Keith Grover.

Mrs. Josephine Bickford and granddaughter, Faye, of Norway visited her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Bickford, the past week.

A family reunion was held at the home of V. H. Littlefield and his sister, Miss Minnie Littlefield, Sunday, July 29. There was a large gathering including Mr. and Mrs. Ned Cole and daughter, Esther, of Springfield, Vt., Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Littlefield of Abington, Mass., Mrs. Cora Dudley of Washington, D. C., and her two sons from Maryland, Horace Littlefield and family of Bethel, Clint Littlefield of Auburn, Mr. and Mrs. Ervil Curtis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Thaxter Littlefield and family of Stoneham, and the host and hostess. A beautiful dinner was served at noon, after which photographs of the group were taken. This was the first Littlefield reunion in many years.

#### Deferred

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Files and family, who have been at their place here three weeks, returned to South Paris Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Cole and daughter, Esther, of Springfield, Vt., have been guests at V. H. Littlefield's the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Stearns and family visited their daughter, Mrs. Ormel Pratt at South Paris last Sunday.

Vacation School began here Tuesday, July 24.

Miss Minnie Littlefield and guests from Vermont motored to Hallowell Sunday.

George Frost and family who have been occupying the Files rent, moved to Albany Saturday.

Funeral services of Fred H. Bartlett were held at the church, Monday afternoon, July 24, at 2 o'clock. Mr. Bartlett was born in Stoneham, and lived here until ten years ago when he moved to Andover where he was associated with the Eliot and Bartlett Spool Co. A few years ago he purchased a home at Norway where he was living at the time of his death. He had been in poor health for nearly four years, at times being confined to the house for weeks. He will be greatly missed both in business and social circles where he acquired many friends.

### SONGO POND

Henry Tenney and wife of Sango, N. H., visited her father, Mr. Bartlett at Charles Connor's Sunday.

William Gorman has returned to Albert Kimball's after spending a few days at Bryant's Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Walker and children were callers at A. B. Kimball's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Walker of Farmington were callers at Albert Kimball's last Thursday.

Albert and Floyd Kimball were in Portland Sunday.

Little Miss Caroline Larson of Portland is visiting at Albert Kimball's for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. Millard Gough and children were callers at Sango Lake Cottage Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip MacAllister of Norway visited her sister, Mrs. Hanson Brown, and family Monday.

Arthur Herick of Norway is stopping at Albert Kimball with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brown were guests Saturday night at Walter Halentine's.

George Brown, Billy and Walter Lagham are helping Leslie Kimball with his logging.

Charles Connor and son, Bertie, were callers Monday evening at A. B. Kimball's.

### MASON

Prayering services were held at the church Sunday afternoon by Mrs. Ives of Portland. There were about eighty-five present and a collection of fifteen dollars was taken which is to be used for the benefit of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Grover and children attended the services at Hunt's Corner Sunday, held by the Meek's Bible Class of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Grover and three boys from Halifax, Mass., arrived at their camp Thursday evening. They returned home Monday.

Mrs. Alice Holman and Mrs. Dorothy Blake and daughter were guests of Mrs. Eli Grover one day recently.

Guests at Eli Grover's Sunday the 23d were Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Stearns and Lela and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Folsom and two children, all of West Sumner.

Miss Clover Swan of Locke's Mills is the guest of Miss Frances Merrill, Jr. and Mrs. Herman Merrill and baby were at Calvin Cummings' all day recently.

### GILEAD

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Brown and daughter, Lewis, left Sunday for New York where they will spend a few days before leaving for Europe for a two month's visit.

Arthur Braden and family of Mexico were in town Sunday calling on friends.

Edward Blodgett has finished work on the G. T. R. section.

Miss Hazel Kimball was a guest of her brother, George Kimball, and family at Bryant's Pond, Sunday.

Several members of Mountain View Grange attended Winthrop Grange, Shelburne, N. H., last Thursday evening.

Among them were Carl Richardson, Angus Fraser, A. T. Heath, Mrs. Ada Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goodnow and Miss Grace Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Frairs and children Robert and Barbara, are spending a week with Mrs. Herbert Arsenault.

Walter Wheeler of Auburn spent the week end with friends in town.

A wedding reception was given at Grange Hall on Thursday evening, 19th to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arsenault on their return from St. Stephen, N. B., where they were recently married. The hall was prettily decorated with streamers of pink and white and roses and garden flowers. The reception opened with a grand march led by the bride and groom followed by about forty couples. The bride was beautifully gowned in a blue silk crepe dress. There were about a hundred guests present. The music was furnished by an orchestra consisting of Misses Charlotte Cole and Janet Fraser, Mrs. LeBlanc, Alvin Aubin and Russell Cole.

Refreshments of ice cream and cake and punch were served, also a bride's cake made by Mrs. Edith Wing, which was cut and distributed by the bride.

Many wedding gifts were received, among them being linen, silver, pictures of the mountains and a large sum of money from their many friends. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour when all departed, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Arsenault much happiness in their wedded life.

### NEWRY CORNER

The Brown-Lyn Minstrel show and Circus gave an entertainment at the Grange Hall Thursday evening. A goodly number were in attendance.

C. T. Parker, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Clyde Brooks, has gone to Crystal, N. H., to spend a few days with his son, Arthur.

Albert Arnold of Portland, who has been spending his vacation with his father, M. E. Arsenault, returned home Saturday.

S. T. Tripp and Georgan Olson were in town shingling recently.

Ed Smith and crew were in town Monday, putting in new cement steps and railings at the Bear River Grange Hall.

Mrs. D. C. Smith and children visited her daughter, Mrs. Duncan McPherson, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Trimes and son, Kenneth, William McIntosh, and Jack Bowden from Brantford, Ontario, were over night guests in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. F. King and daughter, Mahal, also Miss Alice Hale of New York City were in town one night the last week while en route to Canada.

### Midsummer SALE

The Big Week July 30-Aug. 4  
LUX.....Lge. pkg. 22c  
Campbell's Beans.....3 cans 25c  
Rumford Baking Powder.....  
.....1 lb. can, 27c

#### GINGER ALES

Cluquot Club.....Dox. bots, \$1.50  
C & O Imp. Dry.....Dox. bots, \$1.49  
White House Milk.....3 cans 25c  
Sunsweet Prunes.....2 pkgs. 37c  
Iona Corn.....2 cans 21c  
Iona Peas.....2 cans 23c  
Iona Tomatoes.....2 No. 2 cans 15c  
Sour and Dill Pickles.....Qt. jar 29c  
Sour & Sweet Mixed Pickles.....Qt. jar 33c  
Baked Beans, A&P.....3 cans 25c  
Pacific Toilet Paper.....6 rolls 25c  
Cigarettes.....Carton \$1.15  
Crisp Fig Bars.....2 lbs. 23c  
Kellogg's Corn Flakes 3 pkgs. 19c  
Shredded Wheat.....3 pkgs. 28c  
P & G Soap.....10 cakes 37c  
Sliced Bacon.....Lb. 31c  
New Potatoes.....Peck 21c  
Bananas.....4 lbs. 25c

#### FLOUR SALE

Pillsbury's Flour.....\$1.19  
Gold Medal Flour.....  
Ceresota Flour.....  
A. & P. Family Flour.....\$1.06  
A. & P. Pastry Flour.....95c  
Shoulders.....Lb. 18c  
Hams.....Lb. 31c

#### SUGAR SALE

10 lbs.....61c 25 lbs.....\$1.53  
100 lbs.....\$6.10

#### WATCH FOR OUR WEEK END SPECIALS

The Great A & P Tea Co.  
C. W. LAMB, Mgr.

### R. C. DUNHAM

#### Radio and Music

BETHEL - - - MAINE

Our Classified Column Brings Results



In order to be successful, a dealer must satisfy his customers. He must sell the line of tires they want and supply the type of service they demand.

This is just what we are trying to do. We handle United States Tires—known for their extra value and long mileage. We offer every service possible to make our customers our friends.

Let us demonstrate to you. We feel sure that our tires and service will speak for themselves.

**CONNER'S GARAGE**  
BETHEL, MAINE

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES



### Let The Citizen Follow You on Your Vacation

If you have subscribed send us your itinerary and we will do the rest—or send us some money and we will send it anywhere you say for the time paid.

\$2.00 a Year

6 Months \$1.00 3 Months 50c 2 Months 34c  
1 Month 17c

OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN  
Bethel, Maine

### Rent A Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher

#### To Refinish Your Floors

It does the work better, without stooping, kneeling or soiling your hands.

**J. P. BUTTS** HARDWARE STORE

**GET BETTER VALUE HERE AT HOME!**  
Right here your money will buy better tires for a smaller price than if you ordered from some mail-order house—and waited for delivery.  
We make instant delivery—fit the tires on your wheels if you desire it.  
**Robertson Service Station**  
Bethel, Maine

### THE VERY NEWEST



### RCA RADIOLA 18

is a finer instrument at a lower price—that's the story in a nutshell.

Full lighting circuit operated, of course. Hear it today!

**CROCKETT'S GARAGE**

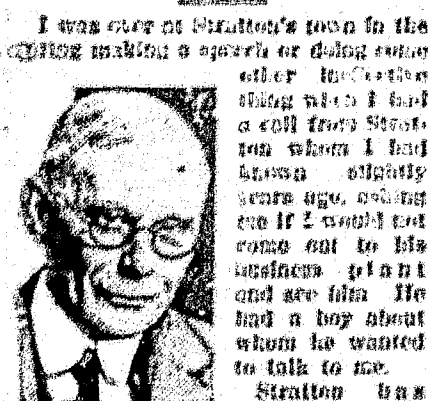
STILL REPAIRING AUTOS



## ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK  
Dean of Men, University of Illinois

## STRATTON'S BOY



I was over at Stratton's town in the village making a speech or doing some other business. I had a call from Stratton whom I had known long ago, asking me if I would come out to his business place and see him. He had a boy about whom he wanted to talk to me.

Stratton has had a dramatic and an erratic career. He started business thirty years or so ago on nothing, has made more than one sizeable fortune and has as many times been on the rocks. Just now he looks prosperous and is running a business valued at eight figures at least, though he has much of it paid for it would be difficult to say. He lives extravagantly and is said to have a wife and daughter with social ambitions and with ability and willingness to spend whatever Stratton makes.

I had heard something of the boy, too. He had been to a half dozen secondary schools from some of which he had withdrawn voluntarily because the management was not to his liking, and from others he had severed his connection at the urgent request of the authorities in charge.

"He wants to go to college," Stratton confided to me, "but I haven't the least idea what he will do when he gets there. He never worked in high school, and I'm afraid he won't when he gets to college."

"There isn't much chance," I said, not very encouragingly.

"I'm going to be frank with you, Stratton went on. 'His habits are bad. He runs around with a wild lot of young people, and he comes home at two or three in the morning hardly able to stagger upstairs. The stuff they drink now is awful, you know that. I talked to him pretty rough the other night. It's really the first time in his life that I've given him a straight-from-the-shoulder talk. I think maybe it will do him good.'

The boy was pleasant, and had been going a pretty rapid pace for years, and yet this was the first time that the father had had any serious talk with him. It seemed pretty late to me to begin.

(The Hill, Western Newspaper Union.)

## SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. John Harrington, W. M.; Fred H. Marshall, Secy.

TUXEDO CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Gertrude Hayker, W. M.; Mrs. Emily Smith, Secy.

MT. ABRAHAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in hall every Friday evening. O. O. Demeritt, N. G.; Arthur Brink, Secy.

SUNBET BROTHERHOOD LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Old Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Olive Austin, W. M.; Mrs. Emily Forbes, Secy.

WODDURY LODGE, No. 22, K. of L., meets in Orange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Leroy Andrews, C. C.; Kenneth Meland, K. of L. and H.

NAACOMI TEMPLE, No. 64, EUTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at Grace Hall. Mrs. Jeanne Mitchell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Constance Wheeler, M. E. C.

BROWN POST, No. 84, G. A. R., meets at Old Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. M. Hise, Commander; J. A. Brown, Adjutant; L. N. Barrett, Q. M.

BROWN W. O. F., No. 23, meets at Old Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Lillian Leland, W. M.; Mrs. Lillian Leland, Secy.

OLD FELLOWS' LODGE, No. 64, EUTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month at his home. J. M. Harrington, Commander; Charles Ford, Adjutant.

OLD FELLOWS' CAMP, No. 21, M. of W. meets first Thursday of each month in the Legion room. J. A. Brown, Commander; Carl H. Brown, Secy.

MYTHICAL ORANGE, No. 20, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. L. W. Morse, M. W.; Mrs. M. Hastings, Secy.

Parent Teachers' Association. Meeting held Monday of each month at the home of Mrs. J. M. Harrington. Mrs. P. H. Morse, Secretary; Mrs. M. W. Hastings, Secy.

## "INSIDE" SECRET OF BIG BUSINESS DEAL

John D. Rockefeller, when he was expanding Standard Oil into the great business enterprise of its era, often gained control of rival companies by bluffing with a blank check.

When I was a kid where he got all the money to expand Standard Oil, the Rockefeller family eyes twinkled.

"That Rockefeller and his family didn't seem to be looking back at all, though it was a matter of grave concern to them."

"After we had arranged to purchase a property I would meet the owner and with a lordly air would whip out our checkbook and remark, as if it were a matter of entire indifference to me: 'Shall I write a check or would you prefer payment in Standard Oil shares?'"

Mr. Rockefeller added that there were occasions when if the reply had been "All cash," he would have had to scurry to raise the necessary money.

However, his unconcerned attitude inspired most of the sellers to take stock in the new concern either in full or part payment of their old holdings. "And very fortunately for them, as it turned out," added the oil magnate.

## RICE INTRODUCED TO AMERICA BY CHANCE

Rice came to America by accident. In the year 1691 a rice-laden vessel from Madagascar bound for Liverpool put in to Charleston harbor in a raging storm. The captain, noting that the land and soil near Charleston resembled that where the rice was grown, gave the governor of the colony a handful, telling him that it might grow if planted, relates the Washington Star.

The governor planted the rice and the first crop ever grown in America. Since that time it has steadily increased until now it is a leading product of the southern states. It first spread into Georgia from the Carolinas, and with the beginning of the Civil war it entered Louisiana, now the leading rice state of the Union.

It gradually found its way to Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas and, finally into Arkansas. Later its cultivation was tried with success in California.

## The Best Coeducator

"Yes, I'm an anti." Sir Thomas Lipton, at a dinner in New York, was defending his conservative opinions.

"We anti are coming back into our own," he continued. "The decline of the anti, the rise of the anti—these are signs that we are on our way. We haven't arrived yet, of course."

"I'm antieducation, and the other day a lady took me to task about it. She said: 'Sir Thomas, you ought to be ashamed to say that sex won't let male and female students work together. Anticoeducation indeed!'"

"Oh, well," said I, "I'm not anti when it comes to the greatest coeducational institution in the world."

"Yes," said she, "and what coeducational institution is that?"

"Marriage, ma'am," I answered.

## Sees Jazz as Empire's Nero

Nero and his fiddle were no more deadly than the saxophones and its companions, according to Sir Henry Howard, a prominent English divine. He says, brought home down into the dust and jazz, he declares, is trampling the minds of the people away from high thinking and spirituality. Besides, dark-skinned races that hold the whites in awe will cease to think of the Europeans as a superman, and when that state of mind comes to pass England's hold on its myriad subjects in Asia and Africa will be broken once for all, Sir Henry boldly proclaims.

## Archbishop and Reporters

We should enjoy knowing the archbishop of Canterbury. He makes public declaration that he is a slow thinker and speaker and that he sometimes stumbles through an address, only to find that the newspaper reporters have caught his meaning and presented it in perfect form. So many people—not archbishops—are continually complaining that the reporters "cover get anything right."—Worcester Telegram.

## Part Owner

Loaded (in court)—I want an agreement order against my aunt, who has sold me out for a year and two months.

Moderate (telling)—He is not your aunt. He is your guest.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Men Just Boys Grow Tall

"Why do you hope daily won't have more the business was here for the last week?" asked mother.

"I hope," replied father, "when they come I don't get any chance to play with my electric train all evening."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## His Own Buffet

Politeness (to arrested suspect)—How do you account for all this all over in your pocket?

Prisoner—Well, you see, officer, we are not so much at home.—Boston Transcript.

## American History Puzzle Picture



Union soldiers charging through a corn field during the Civil War. Find a Confederate sharpshooter.

## Petition to Heaven

## Out of the Ordinary

"Bob" Edwards, a Canadian member of parliament, who founded a little paper called the Calgary Eye Opener among the Northwest Mounted Police, about a quarter of a century ago, composed at the time a little prayer, composed in emulation of that of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Quoth Bob: "Lord, let me keep a straight way in the path of honor—and a straight face in the presence of solemn assent."

"Let me not trundle to the high, nor bulldoze the low; let me frolic with the jack and the joker and win the game."

"Lead me into Truth and Beauty—and tell me her name."

"Keep me sane, but not too sane. Let me not take the world as myself too seriously, and grant more people to laugh with and fewer to laugh at."

"Let me condemn no man because of his grammar and no woman on account of her morals, neither being responsible for either."

"Preserve my sense of humor and of values and proportions. Let me be helpful while I live, but not live too long. Which is about all today, Lord. Amen."

## Resourceful Young Girl

Little Charlotte was impatient to see her father, who was busy in the basement. She was not allowed to go down the stairs alone but stood at the top calling impatiently:

"Daddy, hurry up, daddy. Come upstairs to Sharlie. Come on, daddy. Come now."

Finally her father replied somewhat sharply that he would come soon, but that Charlotte would gain nothing by impatient teasing.

Silence, while this time was sinking in. Then once more the basement door opened, and in a perfect imitation of her mother's voice, Charlotte called down:

"Bill, you're wanted on the telephone."—Children, the Magazine for Parents.

## Self-Evident

"What are you going to have for dinner, mamma?" asked little Nancy Adams one Sunday morning.

"Roast pork, darling."

"Can I have some?"

"You and Jane may have a little—not much," the mother replied.

Nancy and Jane went into a huddle and the mother overheard the debate about the meat course. Nancy, the younger, wanted to know what roast pork was and why they could have only a little. Jane explained that mother thought it was indigestible; whereupon Nancy replied: "Oh, then I know it is something I like."—Los Angeles Times.

## True Beauty

Straight nose, symmetrical features, and attractive hair colorings, which give one pretences, do not necessarily constitute beauty. In the end, one has no beauty, in the strict sense, unless she expresses the finer mental and spiritual qualities, along with health and vitality. In short, beauty is not merely a physical possession, determined by body structure and coloring and features. It is not skin deep. It is much more than that. It is in large part the reflection of personality—a revelation of life and health, intelligence and spirit.—Physical Culture Magazine.

## Life's Brightest Moment

A small boy was walking home from a music lesson with his violin under his arm, when a thief crept up behind him, snatched the instrument and immediately disappeared.

It sounds like a dream come true. Millions of small boys like to imagine such a theft while practicing on the piano at home, but if practically never happens.—Vereville News.

## Died in Belief Drill

## Had Disturbed Satan

Martin Beatty, who moved from Indiana to the mouth of Bear creek in Kentucky to make salt, is credited with having drilled the first oil well in the United States. It was in 1810 that, drilling for salt by hand, Beatty struck oil and natural gas. His crew was drenched with oil and, his fire being near, the gas took fire. Supposing he had drilled into the infernal regions, Beatty and his men took to the hills and left their camp to burn. About two years later he and a friend returned to the place, filled a barrel with oil, loaded it on a raft, and started down the river to Burnside, hoping to find some one there who could tell him what the "devil's tar" really was. His craft ran upon a rock at the Devil's Jumps and was wrecked.

Several years later Beatty attempted to float a second barrel down the stream, and again his craft was smashed, the barrel broken, and the oil wasted. This time Beatty left part of the country and never returned. It is said that until his death he believed he had penetrated into the realm of the prince of darkness.—Detroit News.

## Piano Playing Calls for Punching Power

Few rightly estimate the amount of force expended upon the piano by a player in making a note sound.

If the pianist is playing fortissimo, at times the force of six pounds is thrown upon a single key to produce a solitary effect. With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives pianists the wonderful strength in their fingers.

A story used to be told of Paderewski that he could crack a pane of French plate glass, half an inch thick, merely by placing one hand upon it as if upon a piano keyboard and striking it sharply with his middle finger.

One of Chopin's compositions has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average "tonnage" of an hour's playing of Chopin's music varies from 12 to 84.

## Domestic Logic

It is nothing at which to wonder. The little Portland boy is quite young and has not yet fallen a victim to the charm of exaggeration. Furthermore, he has a grandmother, a nice lady, but nervous. When he was asked if he could tell the number of feet in a rod he shook his head but declared a belief that a rod was about as long as a short store pouter or a long lead pencil.

It appears he had heard his grandmother say that she jumped a rod every time the doorbell rang and had drawn his own conclusions, as a bright child would. Grandmother is, I think, considerable of a jumper at that.—H. Tuttle in Portland Oregonian.

## Mysteries of Brain

An "Institute of brains" has been opened in Moscow for special research into the mysteries of the human nervous system and the brain, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. One of the aids to use there is a remarkable instrument that divides the brain into five equal sections, and makes a wax impression of it at the same time. After this, the organ is cut into 25,000 to 30,000 thin slices for study under the microscope. The brain of Lenin, the late Russian leader, has been studied in this way and directors of the institute propose to examine the brains of other great persons in Russia after their death.

147 YEARS AGO  
Story of the Flight of the Marshall Family

At the time of the Indian Raid in August, 1781, the family of David Marshall was living on the Sanborn farm at Middle Intervale, where Mr. Marshall had built a small log cabin.

Mr. Marshall was not at home, and a neighbor warned Mrs. Marshall with an exaggerated account of the proximity of the Indians, so she started to hide in the woods with her children. The following is from a letter which Mrs. Marshall wrote her son in later years.

"At this moment I exclaimed, what shall I do? 'Hide in the woods' said my informant. While I was hastening to the woods with my children, I saw my husband coming home. I beckoned to him to hasten and on his coming up, I hastily related what I had heard. He ran into the house and took such provisions as he could readily seize and throw into a sack, and then started with his little store and family into the woods. We traveled lightly and looked cautiously around, expecting every moment to see the faces of the Indians, but after a few hours, our fears considerably subsided, and we sat down to rest. I found myself very much fatigued, and without my ordinary dress, for during the morning I had slipped off my shoes, having nothing on except a thin skirt and a handkerchief over my shoulders. This caused my heart to ache, for we had resolved not to turn back, but to pursue our way which lay through the wilderness. After a short halt, we set out again, and traveled until dark. We did not dare to strike light for fear of being discovered by the Indians. We sat there impatiently waiting the morning of the sixth, when we renewed our journey, but much slower than the day previously. During the afternoon, we were overtaken by a Mr. Dodge, who had been sent from Bethel to New Gloucester for help. We requested him to inform the first inhabitants he met, of our situation, and give him the course as nearly as he could, and ask them to meet us. Mr. Dodge missed his course to Jackson's camp in No. 4, which he expected first to reach, and came out at Lieut. Beare's in Hebron. He informed Beare who immediately set out for Jackson's camp, and on his arrival he obtained two men who went with him as far as the river in the north part of the township, and there struck up a fire and prepared some food, while Mr. Beare continued in search of us. He first found my son, David, whom his father had carried a short distance ahead and left on a log, telling him to be quiet, while he went back after me. We arrived in a short time at the river, took some refreshment, and then proceeded to Jackson's camp, where we arrived on the ninth of August. We remained at this camp three or four days, consequently I was the first white woman who took lodgings in what is now the town of Paris."

"No person of this name is known to have lived in Bethel, and it is probable that he was only temporarily there."—History of Bethel, Lapham.

Mrs. Marshall was the daughter of Moses Mason, Esq. of Dublin, N. H., and the great great grandson, Charles S. Marshall is now living at West Paris. Mrs. Charles Marshall's great grandfather, Lemuel Jackson, built the first frame house on Paris Hill in 1789, which is still standing.

We would be glad to have suggestions and contributions of interesting facts on Bethel's early history from our readers.

## NEWRY

Howard Bailey and crew of Bethel are at work for F. I. French haying. Alton Bartlett and Mrs. Martha Bartlett of Hanover were in town last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Walker called at W. N. Powers last Friday. Mrs. Perley Bartlett and niece of Norway called on friends last Thursday on their way home from Upton.

## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

This auto hasn't helped me much. In viewing country scenery, but gee, the information that I've gained about machinery!



## ANNOUNCEMENT

Starting July 29th

We Will Serve

Steamed Clams

Bouillon

Potato Chips

Bread &amp; Butter 50c

Fried Clams

Pickles

Bread &amp; Butter 50c

ROUND MT. TEA HOUSE

Two Miles from Songo Lake

Albany, Maine

## Heating and Plumbing

All Work Promptly Cared For

by a Competent Plumber

All Work Guaranteed

Supplies of All Kinds on Hand

H. Alton Bacon

Bryant's Pond, Maine

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# DINSMORE'S FOLLY

By  
Crittenden  
Marriott

Illustrations by  
Irwin Myers

W. N. U. SERVICE



## THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—That her grandfather, for the architectural monstrosity known as "Dinsmore's Folly," is, for aesthetic reasons, by no means pleasing to Ethel Dinsmore, modern "flapper," she would refuse the best, but her father, millionaire head of Consolidated Trust, will not allow it. Edith visits the place. Perkins, the caretaker, is the victim of a matrimonial mishap, his wife having left him. Fred James, newspaper reporter, comes. Mr. Paul, Dinsmore's right-hand man, proposes to Edith and is rejected. He takes the rejection in a melodramatic manner. Edith sees a connection between Perkins' runaway wife and Mr. Paul.

CHAPTER II.—Riding with Fred James, Edith's horse bolts. The runaway is stopped by a stranger who calls him M. P. (My Preserver).

## CHAPTER III

My month at Dinsmore ended three days after Gypsy's runaway, and we all went back to town. I wanted Dad to take us down to Newport for September, but he refused to do so. He said the stock market needed watching and that he didn't propose to watch it through the reverse end of society binoculars. I didn't quite understand what he said, but I got its results all right—that we were not going to Newport. So we went into the hot city and opened up Dad's big town house.

Of course, no one was back in town at that lathenish time of the year and it was almost as lonely as it was up at Dinsmore. Fred was back from his vacation, but he had very little time. He came around now and then,



What Could I Do? I Couldn't Sit on Gypsy and Yell to Him.

Let me say nothing more about poor Dad marrying rich girls. I didn't understand his silence, and out of pure curiosity I tried to encourage him to go on. I guessed that he felt disappointed because he couldn't help me when Gypsy ran away or when the police burst in at the light, and I tried to tell him that I knew it wasn't his fault. For of course it wasn't. His horse was a good one, but not good enough to catch Gypsy when she got started. I said all this, and Fred listened and thanked me and—changed the subject, and wouldn't come back to it again.

We had been in the city for nearly a month when things began to happen.

Fred had gotten into the habit of taking us about more or less—always to thrilling places where none of our set ever dreamed of going. I remember one awfully delightful place where we went through the kitchen to the back yard and ate a forty-cent dinner (fried ink wine included) and didn't hear a word of English while we were there. Josephine disapproved of these expeditions, and went only because I swore I'd go without her if she didn't.

Of course it was only a question of time till we got into trouble. I can see that now. Each venture that we set through safely made me long for one more exciting, and at last—

It was a prize fight this time. Fred had told us that he had to report it as explanation of his inability to take us out that evening; and I had jumped at the chance. "Take us, too," I declared.

Of course there was an uproar right away. Josephine said I was crazy and Fred said it was out of the question, that I stick to my guns and after I had made Fred confess that there would certainly be a few women there and that nobody would dream of hurting us, Josephine's objections slithered away.

So we went.

It was not a very important prize fight. No national championships were involved at all. As I remember the names it was a contest between the New Jersey Mosquito and the Brooklyn Spider. They were both little and skinny and ugly. And they were both as quick as chain lightning. It made me dizzy to watch them.

I am not going to describe the fight. I don't know how to describe it, for one thing; and it didn't last long, for another. Besides, you probably read about it in the papers. It was very secret, of course, until the second round, and then the police broke in and tried to arrest everybody. They didn't succeed, of course. The place was arranged with plenty of exits for escape in case of a raid—Fred called it a raid—and as soon as the police began to hammer down the doors the crowd began to run. They went right over the place where we were sitting and carried us away with them just as an extra big wave carries away bathers at the seashore. Fred and Josephine simply disappeared and I was left all alone in the midst of a crowd of "dread" business men who were crazy to keep their names out of the papers.

Of course, I was scared to death, but luckily I didn't lose my head. Probably I would have lost it if the crowd hadn't flung me up against a big, fine, tall man who promptly tucked me behind him and prevented the crowd from crushing me until the first rush was over. By that time the police had broken in at the door and about half the audience had vanished out of the windows. The other half was rounded up under guard.

Some of the men protested strenuously, but it didn't seem to do them any good. I heard some one say that the chief had passed the word not to let anyone go and that the officers didn't dare take a chance, no matter how hard a man begged or how important he was.

But imagine my feelings! I know what Father would say if I were arrested for being at a prize fight. But somehow I didn't feel as much frightened as I might have been. I was still behind the man who had saved me and I took a lot of comfort in the set of his broad shoulders. Every minute I expected him to turn around and he didn't. And he didn't say a word.

So I plucked him by the shoulder. Time was flying and I had none to lose. "Can't you get me out of this?" I implored. "My father doesn't know I'm here and he'll go crazy if I'm arrested. Please get me out."

The man turned around and I saw that it was M. P. (My Preserver)—the man who had saved me when Gypsy ran away with me that day, and who had refused to tell his name. I nearly dropped through the floor.

He didn't seem at all surprised, however. I guessed afterward that he had recognized me as the crowd swept me toward him.

"I'm trying to figure out some way to do that very thing," he said. "I'm acquainted with a good many policemen, and if you'll wait a minute I'll probably see one I can appeal to."

I called, of course, but I didn't wait in silence. Why should I? I have never found that silence gets a girl any where. Besides, I was beginning to feel pretty safe. I felt somehow that M. P. would save me. He had done it once before. So I smiled up at him. "This is the second time you've rescued me," I began.

"I haven't rescued you yet, this time," he said.

"No, but you will," I said. "And just to think that I don't know your name! Do please tell me what it is, before I die of curiosity."

He smiled again. "My name is Braxton," he said. "If you really care to know, I've been wondering ever since that day whether I should see you again. But I never guessed it would be here." He glanced around the hall.

"I didn't, either," I returned. "But then I don't know much about such places. Maybe meeting your friends at them is the regular thing. I wanted to see what it was like and I made Fred bring me and my sister. It was Fred who was with me that day, you know. They were with me when the police broke in. But I don't know what's become of them. I don't see them anywhere. If you—"

"I beg pardon," Mr. Braxton broke in. "There's a sergeant that I know. If you'll come—" He pushed through the crowd and I followed at his heels. In a moment we were close by an officer who wore a sergeant's stripes on his arms. "Sergeant," said Mr. Braxton, "do you want to stand for a case of indecent exposure?"

I couldn't see what he meant,

but the sergeant seemed to understand. "Pshaw, Mr. Braxton," he jibed, "your brain ain't in any danger—for a mighty good reason." He grinned as he spoke.

Mr. Braxton didn't grin. He came right back at him. "Not a bit," he said. "It isn't my brain that's worrying me," he said. "It's the brain of the father of this young lady." He gestured at me. "He's a billion-dollar Wall Street man and he'll have the exaggerated ego sure if she gets on the police books. Better let me take her home. I'll show up at the station and pay my fine later."

The sergeant stared and looked at me. "I hope you weren't hurt in the rush, miss," he said, civilly. I shook my head. "Not a bit," I answered. "Thanks to Mr. Braxton. But I'll be awfully hurt if you don't let me get away."

The sergeant considered for a minute. Then he nodded. "All right," he said. "Take her along, Mr. Braxton, and then you show up at the station. It's irregular, of course, but I've learned that a policeman doesn't make good just by pulling everybody he meets. Oftener he does it by knowing when not to pull them. When the prisoners start out of here you go along with them till you reach the street. Then just step out of line and go. I'll fix things all right."

After that it was only a case of follow-my-leader, until we were in a taxi bound for home.

Of course I was worried about Josephine. But I was pretty sure that she and Fred must have been carried out of the hall in the first rush and had gotten away safely. Anyway, there was nothing I could do except get home as quick as I could and wait for them.

Meanwhile there was no use in worrying and I wasted no time in that unpleasant occupation. All the way uptown I chattered away trying to find out all I could about Mr. Braxton without asking him outright.

He wasn't communicative. I found that he was from the South originally but had lived in the West for years; but that was all I did find out. Except that he was awfully nice. But I had suspected that before.

All too soon we reached home. Mr. Braxton was laughing as he helped me out of the car, but when I turned toward the marble pile that housed the Dinsmore family he grew dreadfully solemn. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Are you Curtis Dinsmore's daughter?"

I did some very rapid thinking—rapid thinking is my long suit. Mr. Braxton had been unwilling to accept thanks for saving my life when Gypsy ran away; and I guessed instantly that he was one of those haughty young Americans who refuse to have anything to do with a girl if her father happens to be rich. I didn't want him to refuse to have anything to do with me. So I blurted promptly:

"I'm only a poor relation." I laughed (I really was poor; I had spent my whole allowance. And I really was dad's relation.) "My name is Dinsmore, too, and I live here. I'm sort of companion to Miss Dinsmore."

Mr. Braxton drew a long breath. I could see that he was relieved. "I was afraid for a moment that I had told that sergeant the truth when I said your father was in the billion-dollar class," he said. "It would have relieved my conscience at the expense of my happiness. . . . Have you a latch key?"

"Yes," I nodded. "They allow me a lot of privileges. One is to receive my friends. You'll give me a chance to receive you, won't you?"

Mr. Braxton possessed himself of my key. "It'll be delighted," he said. "I'm not in town very often, but I'll call when I can—if I may."

"You surely may. Call soon," I urged.

Mr. Braxton had gotten the door open now. He straightened up and held out his hand. "I will, thank you," he said. "Good night."

If he had been pretty nearly anybody else in all the wide world I would have known how to prevent his going. But somehow, with him, I was stupid. I couldn't think of a thing to say. I just shook hands dumbly and watched him fade away. And all the time I was just crazy to keep him.

Two minutes after Mr. Braxton had gone, Josephine and Fred turned up in a taxi, driving like mad. They had been released by an officer who knew Fred, and they had searched and searched for me. They hadn't found me, of course, and equally of course they hadn't dared to tell anyone who I was. So, at last Fred had brought Josephine home, on the chance that I might have gotten there first somehow. Intending to go back and hunt some more if I hadn't turned up. Josephine nearly fainted when she saw me. She must have been under an awful strain. And Fred had been, too, for the matter of that.

Anyhow, they both said "Never again" when they braced up at last. And never again it was. Even I was satisfied.

I didn't explain about Mr. Braxton. My meeting him was pure coincidence of course. But if I looked anxiously like pure fate; and I didn't dare to tell about it. I just said that a kind policeman had turned me loose and let it go at that.

But I thought about him a lot and kept hoping that he would call. But he didn't. The days dragged by without my seeing a sign of him. Come to think of it, so very many of them didn't drag by, after all; it was their dragginess and not their number that troubled me. I wanted to see Mr. Braxton so bad that a day seemed a week, especially as I couldn't help fearing that he had found me out—had found out that I wasn't a poor re-

lation—and then he didn't intend to come back at all. As I had told Fred, this business of really worthwhile poor men fighting shy of rich girls is pretty hard on the girls. Look at the kind of chaps most of them have to put up with just because real men keep away. And for the matter of that, there's a lot of nonsense in all that talk about rich men wanting other rich men for their daughters. They don't want sons-in-law who look on marriage as a lifeboat, or who can't make good in one way or another; but I never heard of a single father—and I've had mighty good chances to hear—who would be son-in-law just because he was poor. I know Dad wouldn't.

Meanwhile, Mr. Paul was in and out, talking with dad, mostly about that missing one thousand shares, which he seemed unable to trace. He said very little to me; but what he did say was pretty mean. But, goodness, I couldn't marry the man just because he was taking my refusal to marry him so nicely! At last, however, he got in bad with me, and after that I felt better. He came to the house one evening while Josephine and I were entertaining Fred in the parlor. I was looking in the big glass over the fireplace (which served as a very good periscope), and I saw him pass the door, on his way to Dad's room. An hour later, after he had gone, Dad sent for Josephine, and she went to the library. She was gone for so long that Fred grew restless and wanted to leave. He thought, poor boy, that Father was keeping Josephine away as a hint that it was time to close up the house for the night; and I could scarcely persuade him to stay.

I succeeded, however; and it was well that I did, for by and by Josephine came back and said that Father wanted to see Fred.

When Fred had gone to the library I put Josephine through the third degree; and, after a lot of hard work, I found out what it was all about. Father had told her not to tell me, but I got it out of her. That is, I got some of it out of her. I thought I got it all, but in that I was fooled. Josephine played it low down on me that time—and it wasn't the first time, either, as I discovered later.

Not Josephine did not tell me all that Father had said but she told me enough to make me very angry. Mr. Paul, it seemed, had heard somewhere, not about that fight that would have been the limit but about Josephine's and my expeditions with Fred. He had reported the facts to Father, and he had added that people were saying that Fred and I were getting too fond of each other and ought to be kept apart. Father had been astonished and had sent for Josephine to ask about it. Josephine had confessed to the expeditions, but she had been flabbergasted by the report about Fred and me. She told Father that she had never suspected it. So Father sent for Fred to ask him about it.

This made me hopping mad. It was like asking Fred his intentions—as if Fred's intentions mattered! Father ought to have known that my intentions were the only ones of consequence. I fared up when Josephine told me, and I guess I said some mean things about Mr. Paul—conscientious old idiot! Even as I said them I was ashamed.

After I had quieted down again Josephine wanted to know whether it was true about Fred.

I told her what Fred had said on that horseback ride and how I had tried to encourage him to resume later and how I had failed. Josephine didn't say much; Josephine never does say much; but I could see that she was relieved.

About this time I heard the front door shut; a minute or so later I discovered that Fred had shut it. He had come from Father's den and had gone straight out of the house without stopping to say good-night to Josephine and me.

There was only one explanation that I could see; and that was that Father had insulted him—had ordered him out of the house, most probably. The injustice of the thing made me hopping mad, and I went straight to Father's room to have it out with him.

But he wouldn't let me in. He called through the locked door that he was too busy to see me and that I must wait till tomorrow. So I waited; I knew enough not to butt my head against a stone wall; and Father can be the stoniest sort of stone wall on occasion.

As a matter of fact I didn't see Father the next day, nor for several days after that. He left for Washington that same midnight and didn't get back till the end of the week. Meanwhile, Fred did not call again, and I got madder than ever. On Friday I called up the office and found that Father had just gotten back; and I went straight down town to see him.

At the door of his inner office I met Mr. Paul, also just going in. (I certainly do have rotten luck sometimes). And the next instant, before I could say "howdy do; good by" Father appeared in the door of the office. And with him, of all persons in the world, was Fred.

It was really queer how it happened. Father glanced at Mr. Paul and me and then turned back to Fred and positively reared at him. "Not a word more, sir," he thundered. "Not a word more! Your conduct has been outrageous. Don't dare to put your foot in this office again." Fred looked thunderstruck. They he gulped and started to speak. Then he apparently decided not to. He just went away. He didn't even speak to me; he just bowed and went.

The next minute Father turned to me. "Hello, Edith," he said. "Glad to see you. Come inside, and let's have it out." Then he glanced at Mr. Paul. "Paul," he said, "you'll excuse me for a few minutes, I know, while I talk to Edith. That young jackanapes of a reporter has irritated me more than anyone has dared to do for years."

Of course Mr. Paul said he'd excuse him; and Dad took me on into his office and shut the door. No doubt he had something very important to say, but if he did, I bent him to it. "Father," said I, "I came to tell you something. You'll be happy to hear it, because you suggested it. Otherwise I'm sure I should never have thought of it. I'm in love with Fred James."

I stopped. I was scared for a moment. This was carrying the war into Africa with a vengeance; and I was afraid that father might have apoplexy. But I needn't have worried. Father had had verbal bombs exploded under him before. "Good!" he said, without moving a muscle. "I was speaking to Josephine about it only a day or so ago."

This spoiled my game—and I guess I showed it. I hadn't acquired Dad's poker face then, though I was learning. Moreover, though I knew per-

fectly well that he was blinding his words set me against Fred. I was sorry for Fred, of course, if he had set his heart on me; but goodness, he wasn't the only one; there were others.

"Who told you, Father?" I asked in a desperate effort to conceal my dismay by speech.

"Oh, I scarcely know," replied my fond parent, meditatively. "I had been noticing it for some time, of course—noticing it for some time! Can you bent that?—but when Paul spoke of it—"

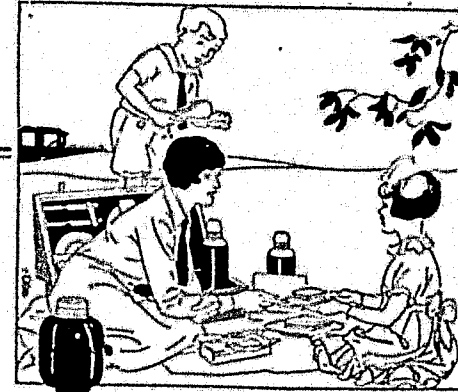
Continued Next Week

To be an artist in any chosen avocation he must be so occupied that his very action is delightful both in the process and the result, and not because his actions are performed under brutal compulsion of keeping alive.

Ten states have adopted a uniform vehicle code to regulate traffic. Records show automobile accidents have been reduced in these states.

The Citizen and The Boston

Daily Post, 1 year, \$6.00



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Protect your food with waxed paper or vegetable parchment

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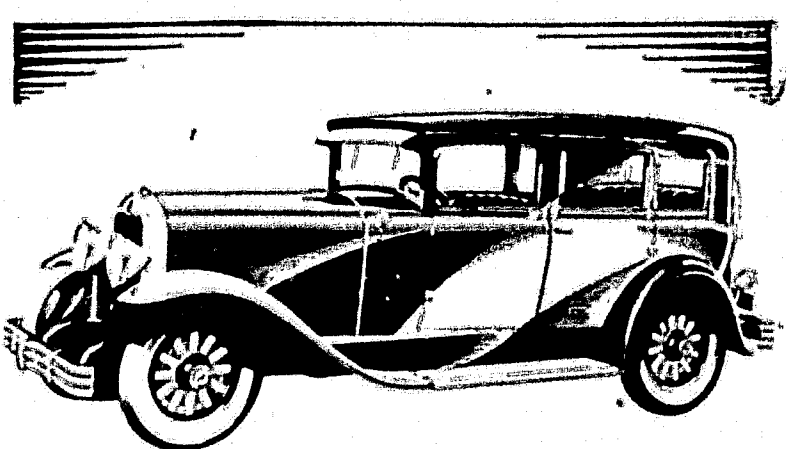
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The Oxford County Citizen



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The news is out! The whole thrilling story of the Silver Anniversary (Buick awaits you at our Buick showroom)

New Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher—a tremendous increase in power in what was already the most powerful automobile engine of its size in the world—new elements of speed, pick-up and acceleration far beyond any previous standard. . . . these are high-light features of this most brilliant and beautiful of motorcars.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT...BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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## Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 45 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents. Each word more than 25, one cent per word per week. Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

## For Sale

**FOR SALE**—A few good new boats for fishing. Also boat cars, leathered and ready for use. H. ALTON BACON, Bryant's Pond, Me.

**CHANGES IN PRICES**—Owing to a manufacturer's price war I am able to make a much lower price on the following material: Sheetrock, Rubberoid roofing, Haboroid asphalt strip shingles, corrugated iron roofing and roof paints, sashboards and windows. A good time to get in that new bath room. Prices cheerfully quoted. H. ALTON BACON, Bryant's Pond, Me.

**FOR SALE**—Six weeks old pig. T. THOMPSON, North Newry. 14-16p

## Miscellaneous

We are prepared to make your wool into yarn. Write for samples and particulars. Also yarn for sale. Samples free. H. A. BARTLETT, Hiram, Me. 12-13p

## Wanted

**WANTED**—Plain sewing to do. Mrs. W. H. HOBBS, Tel. 383, Mill St. 14-16p

**WANTED**—Agents. Sell Good. Excellent line. Wholesale prices. Good profit selling our way. Send for proposition. Lollason Hosiery Co., Everett, Mass. 14-15p

## Born

In South Paris, July 23, to the wife of Adolph Guilford, a daughter, Dorothy Joyce.

In West Paris, July 21, to the wife of Harold Bonney, a daughter.

In Bethel, July 21, to the wife of Frank Downes, a son.

In Eastville, N. H., July 23, to the wife of William Higgins, a daughter, Belle Margaret.

## Married

In Bethel, N. H., July 21, by Rev. W. L. Hodder, Guy Raymond Carter of Canada and Miss Yvonne Mary Louise Pratt of Bethel.

In Kennebunkport, July 12, by Rev. E. H. Pratt, Earl A. Tilley of Norway and Miss Leona E. Skilling of Bethel.

In Bethel, July 20, by Rev. F. E. J. O'Mahony, Herman J. Vendler of Bethel, O., and Miss Mary Eleanor Ellis of Bethel.

In Bethel, N. H., July 23, by Rev. F. E. J. O'Mahony, Philip A. Russell of Bethel and Miss Pearl Coffin of Oiled.

## Died

In South Paris, July 24, Capt. Fred C. Tuttle, aged 85 years.

In Bethel, July 23, Walter W. Foster, aged 71 years.

In South Waterford, July 18, George Irving Hamlin, aged 70 years.

In Bethel, July 23, Mrs. Nellie Gribben.

**You Can Save by Buying your Stationery at the Citizen Office.**

## Get Started!

Every day is a good day to provide the means and use part of it to build your account in this Institution.

The More You Add The More You Have.

## The Bethel National Bank

Bethel, Maine

President M. Walker, Cashier E. C. Park, Vice President Y. Park, First Vice President Fred B. Merrill, Second Vice President Geo. K. Fox.

## CHURCH ACTIVITIES

## FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

L. A. Edwards, Pastor

8:45 Morning worship with sermon by the pastor. His subject will be, "A Hallowed Name."

A short time ago, we passed through a hard time without getting a glimpse of the sun. Then the clouds parted, and let the glorious sun shine through.

Do you ever feel downhearted and discouraged?

Do you ever think that life is all in vain?

Do the burdens thrust upon you make you tremble?

And you feel that you shall never see the victory again?

When something happens. Somebody comes; somebody grips your hand; somebody knows and understands, and that makes all the difference in the world.

"And can you fight the shy in two And let the face of God shine through?"

If you are a stranger in this community and the pastor of this church serve you in any way; it will be to him to do so. He will be glad to meet you at the close of the service on Sunday morning.

**WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH**

Roger P. Cleveland, Pastor

Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.

Divine Worship at 10:30 A. M.

Theme of sermon, "The Moral Power of Love."

Young People's Society, 7:30 P. M.

Evening service at 7:30 P. M. Theme of sermon, "The Good Samaritan."

**CHURCH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**

Roger P. Cleveland, Pastor

Divine worship at 8:30 P. M.

Midweek service, Wednesday evening at 7:30 P. M.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY**

Chapman Street

Services Sunday morning at 10:45.

Subject of the lesson sermon, Spirit.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7:30 P. M.

## SKILLINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Webber and family are occupying Fred Adams' house this summer. Mr. Webber is a boss on the road construction in this vicinity.

Harry Lee Vashaw broke his wrist while working around automobiles in the barn recently.

Arthur Watson and Tony De Angelo have gone to Dixfield to work on the road under construction there.

John Anderson is doing B. C. Burbank's day.

Junior Litchfield is spending some time at John Anderson's.

A. B. Sanborn returned home some time ago. His health is improving.

Jerome Vashaw has employment with the Maine Telephone Co. at Rumford.

Tom Vashaw is working for the Van Telephone Co.

Mrs. Bertha Hamner is keeping house for Mrs. Flanders' during her absence in Waterville.

Mrs. Grace Philbrook called on her mother, Mrs. Charles Merrill, and family Tuesday.

John Anderson was in Middle Inter-ole in the interest of boys' club work yesterday afternoon.

It is reported that Mrs. Vera Stevens will open her lunch room in the near future.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some just grate upon you.

## WATERFORD

Mahlon Rogers, who has recently recovered from the mumps, was taken to the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston last Saturday for an operation for appendicitis.

Some other cases of indisposition which were being observed as possible cases of the mumps seem not to be developing as such.

Mrs. W. W. Filderson has been ill for a few days, and Julia Moran is helping at the tea room.

The morning church service was omitted last Sunday that all might attend the "All-the-Parish" out of door service at Albany, where Mr. Henry Merrill with his large men's class from St. Lawrence Church, Portland gave their fourth annual service. The day was ideal for a hill-top service, and it was largely attended.

In the afternoon a sunset service was held at Waterford, on the slope of Mt. Titus.

On Sunday evening, at the summer home of Mrs. Susane Cummings, Dr. Skelton gave the second of his illustrated travels, taking his hearers on a trip to Alaska, showing views of his own, taken on his last summer's trip to that territory. Plans are being made for Dr. Skelton to give one of these travels to the general public in the near future, the proceeds to be for benefit of the fund for rebuilding the burned church.

Everyone is now looking forward to the Chautauqua which comes to Waterford next Friday, Saturday and Monday.

This is the well known Hadeliffe Chautauqua which has become an annual feature of Waterford life and which has always given great satisfaction.

On Saturday evening, before the Chautauqua program, a supper will be served by the Waterford Ladies' Circle in the Masonic Hall.

As the Chautauqua tent will remain over Sunday, the morning church service will be held in it. A special offering will be taken for the church building fund.

On Sunday evening there will be the usual song service in the tent, led by Dr. Ellison Hilmyer.

## SOUTH ALBANY

Miss Mae Jack is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Robert Hill.

Mr. Henry Cross is visiting his sister, Mrs. James Kimball.

E. E. Cross was an overnight guest at Leon Kimball's Sunday night.

Mrs. Robert Hill and Miss Mae Jack were Sunday evening guests at James Kimball's.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Allen and son, Clyde, were Sunday guests at Howard Allen's.

Preston Flint called to see Roy Wardwell Saturday afternoon.

Ray Wardwell and Leon Kimball have been working on the telephone line, also repairing machines.

Mr. Hubbard was called to Isaac Wardwell's Monday to see Mrs. Anna Wardwell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fullerton were at the home here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark, Homer Chase and Miss Kate Foster were guests of James Kimball and family one evening last week.

Mrs. Roy Wardwell called on Mrs. Will Moulton Saturday afternoon.

The farmers are longing for some good hay weather.

## STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named.

At a Probate Court, held at Paris in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford on the fourth Tuesday of August, A. D. 1928, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

ALICE E. GOSSET late of Bethel, deceased, will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Harold H. Smith and Ruby S. Cunningham as executors of the same to act without bond presented by said Harold H. Smith and Ruby S. Cunningham, the executors herein named.

Solomon A. Austin late of Bethel, deceased, petition for an allowance out of personal estate presented by Sarah A. Austin, widow.

Witness, Henry H. Hastings, Judge of said court at Paris this third Tuesday of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight.

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the Will of

FRANK MAE MAISON late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

HARRY E. MAISON, Executor.

July 17, 1928. Bethel, Maine.

14-16p

## PETITION FOR SPECIAL TOWN MEETING

To the Selectmen of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine.

The undersigned being more than ten qualified legal voters in said town hereby request you to call a meeting of the inhabitants of said town to be held at Odson Hall, in said Bethel, on Saturday, August 4th, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following articles, to wit:

Article I. To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.

Article II. To see what sum of money the town will vote and raise in addition to the one thousand dollars raised at the March meeting, 1928, to build a new school house at Northwest Bethel.

Article III. To see if the town will vote to authorize its treasurer to hire the money voted and raised under article II, above.

Article IV. To see if the town will vote to choose a special building committee to have charge of the erection of said building at Northwest Bethel.

E. J. Stearns, Grace E. Stearns, Helen Perkins, Belle Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Bennett, Herbert E. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Philip P. Brown, Arvilla D. Wilson, Evans L. Wilson, Minnie I. Wilson, L. H. Wilson, Leston A. Wheeler, Albert J. Silver, Mrs. Annette Silver, Floyd Collinge, Lester L. Mason, George N. Stearns, Asa Howard, Helen Howard, Fred Howard, Grace E. Skilling, H. A. Skilling.

STATE OF MAINE

County of Oxford, ss.

To Carl L. Brown, a citizen of the Town of Bethel, in said County.

Whereas, application has been made to us, the selectmen of Bethel, by ten or more legal voters in said Town of Bethel, to call a meeting of the inhabitants of said Town of Bethel, qualified to vote in town affairs, to act upon the articles hereinafter mentioned.

Therefore you are required in the name of the State of Maine to warn and notify the inhabitants of said Bethel, qualified to vote in town affairs, to assemble in Odson Hall, in said town, on fourth day of August, A. D. 1928, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to act upon the following articles, to wit:

Article I. To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.

Article II. To see what sum of money the town will vote and raise in addition to the one thousand dollars raised at the March meeting, 1928, to build a new school house at Northwest Bethel.

Article III. To see if the town will vote to authorize its treasurer to hire the money voted and raised under article II, above.

Article IV. To see if the town will vote to choose a special building committee to have charge of the erection of said building at Northwest Bethel.

Hereof, full not, and have you there this warrant with your doings thereon. Given under our hands this 21st day of July, A. D. 1928.

HENRY W. BOYKER, ARNOLD R. BROWN, JOHN H. HOWE, Selectmen of Bethel.

A true copy—Attest: CARL L. BROWN

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Executor of the Will of

Edna Conner late of Mason in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

ELLERY C. PARK, Bethel, Maine.

July 17, 1928. Bethel, Maine.

14-16

## Mayville, Bethel

Lloyd Thompson is helping R. B. Taberston through haying.

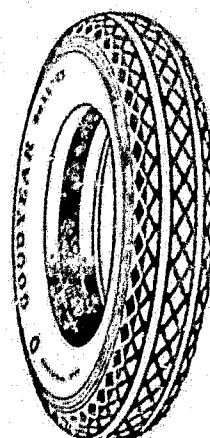
Mrs. Henry Godwin and son, Reginald, joined P. O. Brinck and family and A. C. Brinck and family on a picnic to Papoose Pond Sunday.

Milaca Eslin and Elaine Warren spent a week end with their grandmother, Mrs. Newell Godwin.

Our Classified Column Brings Results

An optimist is one who makes lemonade out of the lemons that are handed him.

**E. L. WATKINS CO.**  
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30 x 3 1/2 Goodyear Cl. Cord.....	\$9.05
29 x 4 1/2 Goodyear Balloon.....	10.00
32 x 4 Goodyear AWT Cord.....	15.15
31 x 5 1/2 Goodyear Balloon.....	16.15

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J. B. CHAPMAN, Prop.  
Main Street Bethel, Maine

## Sam's Fruit Store, No. 2

Wholesale and Retail

## SPECIALS EVERY SATURDAY

For a short time we are selling Cantaloupes for 10c each. Come in today and get yours at this low price.

Also a sale on Bananas for this week. Don't Forget OUR SATURDAY SPECIALS

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